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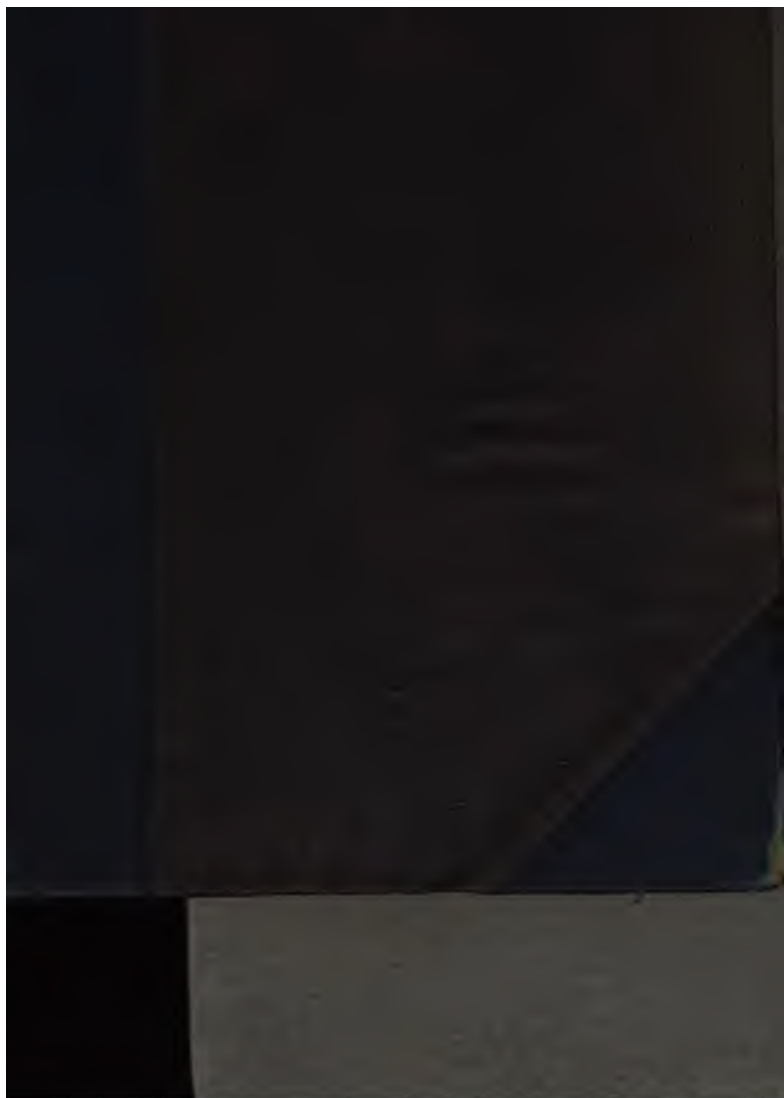
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PART I.

BABY MAY AND HOME POEMS.

Selections from Notices of former Editions of
BABY MAY, AND OTHER POEMS.

~~~~~

*From Miss MITFORD'S 'RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY LIFE.'*

'Of all writers, the one who has best understood, best painted, best felt infant nature, is Mr. Bennett. We see at once that it is not only a charming and richly-gifted poet who is describing childish beauty, but a young father writing from his heart. "Baby May" is amongst the most popular of Mr. Bennett's lyrics, and amongst the most original, as that which is perfectly true to nature can hardly fail to be. The "Epitaphs for Infants" are of great sweetness and tenderness. "The Seasons," four stanzas on a subject so hackneyed that many writers would have shrunk from attempting it, would make four charming pictures.'

*From the DAILY TELEGRAPH.*

"Baby's Shoes" is worthy to rank with "Baby May," which, from its completeness and finished charm as a picture of infancy, is one of the most exquisite among the whole of Mr. Bennett's productions.'

*From the WEEKLY DISPATCH.*

'Some of his poems on children are amongst the most charming in the language, and are familiar in a thousand homes.'

*From the EXAMINER.*

'... that love of children few writers of our day have expressed with so much naïve fidelity as Mr. Bennett.'

*From the ILLUSTRATED TIMES.*

'The poems about children (especially the charming one entitled "Baby's Shoes") are as good as anything of the kind that has ever been written.'

*From the LEADER.*

'Here we find the sweet song of "Baby's Shoes," which has been so frequently quoted with enthusiastic recognition.'

*From the ECLECTIC REVIEW.*

'We confess, of all things small, we love babies; and we derive more poetical inspiration from baby watchings and baby nursings than from any other class of sub-adorations; and we further confess that we never met with more truthful descriptions of them than we find in this volume. Memory itself is not so faithful, though it is capable of appreciating the fidelity of the artist.'

*From the ATLAS.*

'Would you have a poem on domestic subjects, on the love between parents and child? How charmingly is that brought out in the little poem entitled "Baby's Shoes."'

*From the GLOBE.*

'We know Mr. Bennett as the sweet singer of the domestic hearth, as one ready to hail each aspect of nature and her influences in words as fresh as her flowers, in music as soft as the voice of her birds.'

*From CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.*

'In Mr. Bennett's descriptions we seem to hear the very jerk of the cradle breaking the sweet monotony of the mother's song. "Baby May" is a poem with which every woman, and every man with a heart within him, is charmed at the first reading, quite apart from its perfectness as a work of art.'

'Who but a real poet could have made such a subject as the following ("Baby's Shoes") awaken thoughts at least deep enough for tears?'

*From the GUARDIAN.*

'Those readers who do not as yet know "Baby May" should make her acquaintance forthwith; those who have that pleasure already will find her company.'

# BABY MAY,

*AND HOME POEMS.*

BY

W. C. BENNETT.



*HENRY S. KING & CO., LONDON.*

1875.

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TO

MY WIFE

THE BLESSING OF MY LIFE.



## PREFACE.

---

Just twenty-five years since Douglas Jerrold invited Baby May to make her first public appearance in his *Shilling Magazine*. It was undoubtedly 'a success.'

The time has come for celebrating her twenty-fifth birthday. She owns to reappearing in the holiday dress of the toned paper and ample margins of a Library Edition, with a not unnatural glow of female satisfaction. Yet she is anxious not to separate herself from the many, her oldest friends. She retains for every-day wear her old apparel of a *Shilling People's Edition*. She trusts in that to revisit the many homes to which she has been hitherto so warmly welcomed, and to find her way to those where she has as yet been only introduced in casual meetings in the corners of Journals, the pages of Magazines, and Selections from the Poets. Years since it was said she had had the curious fortune to be seen in almost every newspaper published in the English language. She has not only been quoted, she has been remembered.

I have lazily allowed her to retire from bookland *for some time*, yet she has retained her hold upon the

memories and affections of the public, not only in England, but in America, Australia, and our Colonies.

It is time for her to recognise this proof of the will of critics and the public by reappearing as she does, as she hopes, for a permanent existence. *Home Poems* cannot, nor can her sister *Home Poems*, claim to have received an equal tribute of admiration to that 'The Worn Wedding-Ring' won for itself. The Editor adopted by a somewhat over-affectionate Canadian did not hesitate to assume to himself the responsibility of its authorship, and sent it through the newspapers of the Great Dominion with his own name attached. Could he have more clearly shown his sense of its merits?

I send out these new editions of my *Home Poems*, my *Ballads*, and *Narrative Poems*, with little hope as to their reception. They won at their first appearance the warmest welcome from Landor and I have known Hawthorne and Thackeray, Horace Smith and Alfred Forster, Bulwer and Ruskin, Whittier and Holmes. Most of the best-known English authors of our time and our Critics have been curiously unanimous in their praise, and the public have endorsed their opinion. So I send to these children of my fancy, blossom again in the sunshine of publicity, and may you carry pure affect and happy thoughts to all. Of the People, my ambition is to live in the memories and on the lips of the People.

W. C. BENNETT

HYDE COTTAGE, GREENWICH :

June 14, 1875.

# PART I.

## BABY MAY AND HOME POEMS.

|                      | PAGE |
|----------------------|------|
| TOBY POEMS . . . . . | 1    |

### BABY MAY AND OTHER POEMS ON INFANTS.

|                                |    |
|--------------------------------|----|
| lay . . . . .                  | 5  |
| Shoes . . . . .                | 6  |
| g May . . . . .                | 7  |
| Songs. No. I. . . . .          | 8  |
| ady I know, aged One . . . . . | 9  |
| asons . . . . .                | 10 |
| ocket . . . . .                | 11 |
| Songs. No. II. . . . .         | 12 |
| hs for Infants . . . . .       | 13 |
| Baby Kate . . . . .            | 15 |
| ead Infant . . . . .           | 17 |
| Songs. No. III. . . . .        | 19 |
| ish . . . . .                  | 20 |
| G. B. . . . .                  | 22 |
| Songs. No. IV. . . . .         | 23 |
| ory of a Mother . . . . .      | 24 |
| Songs. No. V. . . . .          | 25 |
| rs' Songs. No. I. . . . .      | 26 |
| st Shoes . . . . .             | 27 |
| rs' Songs. No. II. . . . .     | 28 |

### THE WORN WEDDING-RING AND OTHER HOME POEMS.

|                                       |    |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| orn Wedding-ring . . . . .            | 35 |
| n Easy-Chair . . . . .                | 37 |
| uries . . . . .                       | 40 |
| grave in Lee Churchyard . . . . .     | 43 |
| . . . . .                             | 44 |
| ng Words . . . . .                    | 47 |
| miniature of my Wife . . . . .        | 48 |
| stive Town . . . . .                  | 49 |
| E. B. . . . .                         | 50 |
| ew Paris . . . . .                    | 52 |
| ueen . . . . .                        | 53 |
| ture Gallery . . . . .                | 53 |
| ir is gathering gray apace . . . . .  | 56 |
| you that my Spring has fled . . . . . | 57 |



2

*Younger ? yes, but then not clung to  
With the love that folds you now,  
Then when those eyes first I sung to,  
When unlined was that dear brow ;  
Then, perhaps, that step was lighter ;  
Let Time take all it can claim ;  
Still our love but burns the brighter ;  
Still our hearts are all the same.*

*Older ? Yes, but only dearer,  
Loved more deeply with each day ,  
Nay, your beauty grows but clearer  
As its radiance fades away ;  
Older ? dearer with each morrow,  
Dearer through all joy, all pain ;  
Deeplier loved through smiles and sorrow  
And hopes shared, though hoped in vain.*

*What have years the power of taking ?  
What has Time the might to harm ?  
To these fond eyes, is he making  
Aught he changes lose a charm ?  
Touched alone to something rarer,  
Beauty into beauty dies,  
Changed to what is holier, fairer,  
Dearer to these doting eyes.*

*Can I in those eyes be gazing  
And see not how years have given  
Less of earth for my fond praising,  
But, oh ! how much more of heaven .  
Softened with a saintly fairness,  
More divine look lip and brow,  
All transfigured to a rareness  
Never seen, dear wife, till now.*

## MY ALCHEMY.

'Yes, Alchemy is false, 'tis said,  
To none will it be told,  
The longed-for lore, of which we've read,  
That turns all things to gold.'  
Yet I've the secret. Never start;  
No farther need you roam  
To find it, than within my heart,  
That's found it in my home.

O wiser than the hungering eyes  
O'er crucibles that dream,  
And see, amid the bubbling ore,  
A gold that does but seem;  
Mine, smiling into eyes that smile  
To mine, through joy and pain,  
Coin untold wealth and re-create  
The Golden Age again.

O love that, like the radiant sun,  
Canst with a touch divine,  
Bid darkness, cloud, and wintry shower,  
With heaven's own lustre shine,  
Thou—thou canst turn to priceless gold  
Life's cares, and griefs, and fears,  
In eyes that look thy sumless wealth  
To mine through mists of tears.

Be with us, Alchemist most sage,  
Whose prophecies are truth,  
Be with us through the hours of age,  
As through the days of youth;  
Coin thou to gold, while life endures,  
Our every happy breath,  
And gild, for us and all, the world  
We darkly see through death.

**BABY MAY AND OTHER POEMS.**



## BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches,  
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches  
Poppies paleness—round large eyes  
Ever great with new surprise,  
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,  
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,  
Happy smiles and wailing cries,  
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,  
Lights and shadows swifter born  
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn,  
Ever some new tiny notion  
Making every limb all motion—  
Catchings up of legs and arms,  
Throwings back and small alarms,  
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,  
Twining feet whose each toe works,  
Kickings up and straining risings,  
Mother's ever new surprisings,  
Hands all wants and looks all wonder  
At all things the heavens under,  
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings  
That have more of love than lovings,  
Mischiefs done with such a winning  
Archness, that we prize such sinning,  
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,  
Graspings small at all that passes,  
Pullings off of all that's able  
To be caught from tray or table;  
Silences—small meditations,  
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,  
Breaking into wisest speeches  
In a tongue that nothing teaches,  
*All the thoughts of whose possessing  
Must be wooed to light by guessing;*

Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings,  
 That we'd ever have such dreamings,  
 Till from sleep we see thee breaking,  
 And we'd always have thee waking;  
 Wealth for which we know no measure,  
 Pleasure high above all pleasure,  
 Gladness brimming over gladness,  
 Joy in care—delight in sadness,  
 Loveliness beyond completeness,  
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness,  
 Beauty all that beauty may be—  
 That's May Bennett, that's my baby.

---

## BABY'S SHOES.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes!  
 Those shoes that no little feet use!  
     O the price were high  
     That those shoes would buy,  
 Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet  
 That no more their mother's eyes meet,  
     That by God's good will,  
     Years since grew still,  
 And ceased from their totter so sweet!

And O, since that baby slept,  
 So hush'd! how the mother has kept,  
     With a tearful pleasure,  
     That little dear treasure,  
 And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore  
 Of a patter along the floor,  
     And blue eyes she sees  
     Look up from her knees,  
*With the look that in life they wore.*

As they lie before her there,  
There babbles from chair to chair  
A little sweet face,  
That's a gleam in the place,  
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart  
From all else would rather part  
Than those tiny blue shoes  
That no little feet use,  
And whose sight makes such fond tears start.

---

## TODDLING MAY.

Five pearly teeth and two soft blue eyes,  
Two sinless eyes of blue,  
That are dim or are bright they scarce know why,  
That, baby dear, is you.  
And parted hair of a pale, pale gold,  
That is priceless, every curl,  
And a boldness shy, and a fear half bold,  
Ay, that's my baby girl.

A small, small frock, as the snowdrop white,  
That is worn with a tiny pride,  
With a sash of blue, by a little sight  
With a baby wonder eyed ;  
And a pattering pair of restless shoes,  
Whose feet have a tiny fall,  
That not for the world's coined wealth we'd lose,  
That, Baby May, we call.

A rocker of dolls with staring eyes  
That a thought of sleep disdain,  
*That with shouts of tiny lullabies*  
*Are by'd and by'd in vain ;*



A drawer of carts with baby noise,  
 With strainings and pursed-up brow,  
 Whose hopes are cakes and whose dreams are t  
 Ay, that's my baby now.

A sinking of heart, a shuddering dread,  
 Too deep for a word or tear,  
 Or a joy whose measure may not be said,  
 As the future is hope or fear ;  
 A sumless venture, whose voyage's fate  
 We would and yet would not know,  
 Is she whom we dower with love as great  
 As is perilled by hearts below.

Oh what as her tiny laugh is dear,  
 Or our days with gladness girds !  
 Or what is the sound we love to hear  
 Like the joy of her baby words !  
 Oh pleasure our pain and joys our fears  
 Should be, could the future say,  
 Away with sorrow, time has no tears  
 For the eyes of Baby May.

## CRADLE SONGS.

### I.

LULLABY ! O lullaby !  
 Baby, hush that little cry !  
 Light is dying,  
 Bats are flying,  
 Bees to-day with work have done ;  
 So, till comes the morrow's sun,  
 Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry !  
 Lullaby ! O lullaby !

Lullaby ! O lullaby !  
 Hushed are all things far and nigh ;  
 Flowers are closing,  
 Birds reposing,

TO A LADY I KNOW, AGED ONE.

3

All sweet things with life have done ;  
Sweet, till dawns the morning sun,  
Sleep then kiss those blue eyes dry !  
Lullaby ! O lullaby !

---

TO A LADY I KNOW, AGED ONE.

O SUNNY curls ! O eyes of blue !  
The hardest natures known,  
Baby, would softly speak to you,  
With strangely tender tone ;  
What marvel, Mary, if from such  
Your sweetness love would call ?  
We love you, baby, O how much !  
Most dear of all things small !

Unborn, how, more than all on earth,  
Your mother yearn'd to meet  
Your dream'd-of face ; you, from your birth,  
Most sweet of all things sweet !  
Even now, for your small hands' first press  
Of her full happy breast,  
How oft does she God's goodness bless,  
And feel her heart too blest !

You came, a wonder to her eyes,  
That doated on each grace,  
Each charm, that still with new surprise  
She show'd us in your face.  
Small beauties ? ah, to her not small !  
How plain to her blest mind !  
Though, baby dear, I doubt if all  
All that she found could find.

A year has gone, and, mother, say,  
Through all that year's blest round,  
*In her has one sweet week or day*  
Not some new beauty found ?

What moment has not fancied one,  
Since first your eyes she met ?  
And, wife, I know you have not done  
With finding fresh ones yet.

Nor I ; for, baby, some new charm  
Each coming hour supplies,  
So sweet, we think change can but harm  
Your sweetness in our eyes,  
Till comes a newer, and we know,  
As that fresh charm we see,  
In you, sweet Nature wills to show  
How fair a babe can be.

Kind God, that gave this precious gift,  
More clung-to every day,  
To Thee our eyes we trembling lift—  
Take not Thy gift away !  
Looking on her, we start in dread,  
We stay our shuddering breath,  
And shrink to feel the terror said  
In that one dark word—death.

O tender eyes ! O beauty strange !  
When childhood shall depart,  
O that thou, babe, through every change  
May'st keep that infant heart !  
O gracious God ! O this make sure,  
That, of no grace beguiled,  
The woman be in soul as pure  
As now she is, a child !

---

## THE SEASONS.

A BLUE-EYED child that sits amid the noon,  
O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,  
*Singing her little songs, while, softly round,*  
*Along the grass the chequered sunshine plays.*

All beauty that is throned in womanhood,  
 Pacing a summer garden's fountained walks,  
 That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down,  
 To hide her flushing cheek from one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,  
 In whose sweet Spring again her youth she sees,  
 With shout, and dance, and laugh, and bound, and song,  
 Stripping an autumn orchard's laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room,  
 Frost on the pane—without, the whirling snow;  
 Reading old letters of her far-off youth,  
 Of pleasures past, and griefs of long ago.

## TO A LOCKET.

O CASKET of dear fancies,  
 O little case of gold,  
 What rarest wealth of memories  
 Thy tiny round will hold !  
 With this first curl of baby's  
 In thy small charge will live  
 All thoughts that all her little life  
 To memory can give.

O prize its silken softness !  
 Within its amber round  
 What worlds of sweet rememberings  
 Will still by us be found,  
 The weak, shrill cry, so blessing  
 The curtained room of pain,  
 With every since-felt feeling,  
 To us 'twill bring again.

'Twill mind us of her lying  
 In rest, soft-pillowed deep,  
*While, hands the candle shading,*  
*We stole upon her sleep ;*

Of many a blessed moment,  
 Her little rest above,  
 We hung in marvelling stillness,  
 In ecstasy of love.

'Twill mind us, radiant sunshine  
 For all our shadowed days,  
 Of all her baby wonderings,  
 Of all her little ways,  
 Of all her tiny shoutings,  
 Of all her starts and fears,  
 And sudden mirths out-gleaming  
 Through eyes yet hung with tears.

There's not a care—a watching—  
 A hope—a laugh—a fear,  
 Of all her little bringing,  
 But we shall find it here.  
 Then, tiny golden warder,  
 Oh safely ever hold  
 This glossy silken memory,  
 This little curl of gold.

## CRADLE SONGS.

## II.

SLEEP! the bird is in its nest;  
 Sleep! the bee is hushed in rest;  
 Sleep! rocked on thy mother's breast!  
     Lullaby!  
 To thy mother's fond heart pressed,  
     Lullaby!

Sleep! the waning daylight dies;  
 Sleep! the stars dream in the skies;  
 Daisies long have closed their eyes;  
     Lullaby!  
*Calm, how calm on all things lies!*  
     Lullaby!

Sleep then, sleep! my heart's delight!  
 Sleep! and through the darksome night  
 Round thy bed God's angels bright,  
     Lullaby!  
 Guard thee till I come with light!  
     Lullaby!

---

# EPITAPHS FOR INFANTS.

## I.

HERE Spring's tenderest nurslings set,  
 Wind-flowers and the violet;  
 Here the white-drooped snowdrop frail,  
 And the lily of the vale;  
 All of sweetness passing soon,  
 Withering ere the year be noon;  
 For the little restor here,  
 Like these infants of the year,  
 Was, O grief! as fair as they,  
 And as quickly fled away.

## II.

Here the gusts of wild March blow  
 But in murmurs faint and low;  
 Ever here, when Spring is green,  
 Be the brightest verdure seen;  
 And when June's in field and glade,  
 Here be ever freshest shade.  
 Here hued Autumn latest stay,  
 Latest call the flowers away;  
 And when Winter's shrilling by,  
 Here its snows the warmest lie;  
 For a little life is here,  
 Hid in earth, for ever dear,  
 And this grassy heap above  
 Sorrow broods and weeping love.

## III.

*On this little grassy mound  
 Never be the darnel found:*

Ne'er be venom'd nettle seen  
On this little heap of green ;  
For the little lost one here  
Was too sweet for aught of fear,  
Aught of harm to harbour nigh  
This green spot where she must lie;  
So be nought but sweetness found  
On this little grassy mound.

## IV.

Here in gentle pity, Spring,  
Let thy sweetest voices sing ;  
Nightingale, be here thy song  
Charmed by grief to linger long ;  
Here the thrush with longest stay  
Pipe its pleasant song to day,  
And the blackbird warble shrill  
All its passion latest still ;  
Still the old grey tower above  
Her small nest, the swallow love,  
And through all June's honied hours  
Booming bees hum in its flowers ;  
And when comes the eve's cold gray  
Murmuring gnats unresting play  
Weave, while, round, the beetle's flight  
Drones across the shadowing night ;  
For the sweetness dreaming here  
Was a gladness to the year,  
And the sad months all should bring  
Dirges o'er her sleep to sing.

## V.

Haunter of the opening year,  
Ever be the primrose here ;  
Whitest daisies deck the spot,  
Pansies and forget-me-not,  
Fairest things that earliest fly,  
Sweetness blooming but to die ;  
For this blossom, o'er whose fall  
Sorrow sighs, was fair as all,  
But, alas, as frail as they,  
*All as quickly fled away.*

## TO OUR BABY KATE.

## A REVERIE.

MARVEL, baby, 'tis to me  
 What thy little thoughts can be,  
 What the meanings small, that reach  
 Hearing in thy mites of speech,  
 Sayings that no language know  
 More than coo, and cry, and crow,  
 Would-be words, that hide away  
 All that they themselves would say,  
 Tiny fancies courting sight,  
 Masked from all in shrouding night ;  
 Fain its secret I'd beguile  
 From the mystery of thy smile ;  
 Fain would fathom all that lies  
 In thy pleasure and surprise,  
 In the fancies flitting through  
 Those two eyes of wondering blue,  
 In thy starts and tiny fears,  
 Gleams of joy and fleeting tears.  
 Ah, in vain I seek to win  
 Way to the small life within !  
 Curious thought no clue can find  
 To that wondrous world, thy mind,  
 That its little sights hath shown  
 Unto fancy's gaze alone ;  
 Therefore do I converse hold  
 Oft with fancy, to unfold  
 All the marvels of its seeing,  
 Wordless mysteries of thy being ;  
 Then of all 'seen things it tells,  
 Unto thee, high miracles ;  
 How thy baby fancy lingers,  
 Wondering minutes, o'er thy fingers,  
 Or, still marvelling more and more,  
 Eyes thy pinked feet o'er and o'er ;  
 How the world and all things seem  
 Airy shadows of a dream,



Unsubstantial—forms unreal,  
Out to which thy graspings feel  
Wavering stretchings, marvelling much  
At the mystery of a touch ;  
How with little shout thou'dst pass  
To thy likeness in the glass,  
Or thy little talks are told  
Unto all thou dost behold,  
Guessed-at griefs and baby joys  
Crowded to busy sister's toys,  
Or, in murmurings low, rehearsed  
To the kitten for thee nursed.  
So with fancy do I dream,  
Baby mine, until I seem  
All the little thoughts to know,  
All thy little acts below,  
Till thought comes and bids me own  
That I dream and dream alone.  
Yet one surety lies above  
Reason's doubtings—thine is love,  
Love abundant, leaping out  
In thy lighted look and shout,  
In thy joy that sorrow dumbs,  
In thy bubbling laugh that comes  
Ever still with glad surprise  
When thy mother meets thine eyes.  
Love is in thy eager watch  
Ever strained her form to catch,  
In thy glance that, place to place,  
Tracks the gladness of her face,  
In thy hush of joy that charms  
Cries to stillness in her arms,  
Calms of rapture, blessing, blest,  
Rosy nestlings in her breast,  
Dreaming eyes for ever raising  
Raptured gazes to her gazing,  
Gaze so blessed, sure we deem  
Heaven is in thy happy dream.  
So our love would have it be  
Ever, little Kate, with thee ;

Treasure, treasures all above,  
 Ever, baby, thine be love,  
 Love, that doubly-mirrored lives  
 In the smiles it wins and gives,  
 Love, that gives to life its worth,  
 Lending glory to the earth.

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## ON A DEAD INFANT.

DEAD ! dead ! What peace abides within the word—  
 For thee, O little one, what bliss of rest !  
 By her who bore thee, with what anguish heard,  
 God knows ! God knoweth best ;  
 God willeth best ; yet while the words we say,  
 We know thy grief, wild mother, must have way.

Oh, never shall those tiny fingers press  
 Her cheek !—oh, never to the full breasts steal,  
 That yearn their tender touch, that so would bless,  
 Their blessed touch to feel !

Oh, never shall those closed lids opening rise  
 To look delight into her hungering eyes !

Yearned for—how yearned for wast thou, little one !  
 Each month more dear that seemed to bring thee near !  
 Alas ! that seemed, but seemed ; God's will be done !

We may not know thee here ;  
 We may not know thee, but as, babe, thou art,  
 Cold even to thy mother's quivering heart.

Not know thee ! Mother, with thy sorrow wild,  
 How is that still face stamped within thy heart !  
 That face so looked on, when, " Give me my child ! "

Thou criedst, nor dared we part  
 In that first moment from thy arms' embrace  
 The cold white stillness of that blind, fixed face.

*God comfort her ! all human words are vain  
 To bid her shun to die or care to live.*

Who shall bid peace to be for her again?  
 Who, save God, comfort give?  
 Who fill the empty heart that finds a void  
 In all it feared or hoped for or enjoyed?

God comfort her!—who else?—not even he  
 Who for thee, sweet one, bore a father's love,  
 Who, with what pride and joy! she looked to see  
     Bend this new life above,  
 And show her in his eyes the unshadowed bliss  
 That looked from hers—alas! now changed to this!

Leave her to God and to the tender years  
 That soften misery into gentle grief,  
 Grief that may almost find at last from tears,  
     Sad tears, may find relief,  
 Grief that from time may gather perfect trust  
 In all Heaven wills, and own even this is just.

For thee, dead snowdrop, all our tears are dried;  
 We know thee evermore as to us given  
 Within our hearts for ever to abide,  
     Type of all meet for heaven,  
 Type of all purity of which we guess,  
 That Heaven shall make more pure and earth not less

Wake not! the cruel tender hand of death,  
 Death, with a tenderness for earth too deep,  
 Ere thou hadst drawn one mortal troubled breath,  
     Hushed thee to quiet sleep,  
 Stilled, ere it woke, the anguish of thy cries,  
 Nor gave the tears of earth to dim thine eyes.

Why would we wake thee?—joy and grief, we know,  
 Walk hand in hand along earth's crowded ways;  
 Who 'scape the thorns that in our paths below  
     For all life thickly lays?  
*Why should we wish thee on a weary way  
 Where thou might'st long for night while yet 'twas day?*

For we, most blest, even when to heaven we turn  
 Eyes bright with thanks for all that makes life dear,  
 Even then our trembling hearts have not to learn

Of sorrows that are here—  
 Of griefs that dimmed our dearest hours with tears—  
 Of bitter memories that seem shadowing fears.

Hope has no part in thee, in surety lost,  
 Sweet bud of being, but to bloom above ;  
 Nor may our thoughts of thee with fear be crossed,  
     Thou, homed in God's dear love,  
 Borne by thy heavenly Father's hand from all  
 That makes the purest stoop, the strongest fall.

Lily, thou shalt not know the soiling gust  
 Of earthly passion bow thee to its will ;  
 Temptation and all ill are from thee thrust,  
     Nor tears thine eyes shall fill ;  
 Remorse and penitence thou shalt not need,  
 From sin's pollution and earth's errors freed.

Oh, blessed, to 'scape the mystery of life,  
 Its wavering walk 'twixt holiness and sin !  
 Allowed, without earth's struggles, our weak strife,  
     Heaven's palms to win,  
 Through the bright portals thou at once hast pressed,  
 To endless blessedness and lasting rest.

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## CRADLE SONGS.

### III.

LULLABY—lullaby, baby dear !  
 Take thy rest without a fear :  
 Quiet sleep, for mother is here,  
 Ever wakeful, ever near,  
     Lullaby !

*Lullaby—lullaby! gone is the light,  
 Yet let not darkness my baby fright ;*

Mother is with her amid the night,  
Then softly sleep, my heart's delight,  
Lullaby!

May thy small dreams no ill things see,  
Kind Heaven keep watch, my baby, o'er thee,  
Kind angels bright thy guardians be,  
And give thee smiling to day and to me,  
Lullaby!

Sleep, sleep on! thy rest is deep;  
But, ah! what wild thoughts on me creep,  
As by thy side my watch I keep,  
To think how like to death is sleep!  
Lullaby!

But God our Father will hear my prayer,  
And have thee, dear one, in His care;  
Thee, little one, soft breathing there,  
To me the Lord's dear love will spare,  
Lullaby!

Sleep on! sleep on! till glad day break,  
And with the sunshine gladly wake,  
Thy mother's day, how blest to make!  
Her life, what joy! through thy dear sake,  
Lullaby!

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### THE WISH.

My boy, my boy, what would I have  
Thy future lot should be,  
Were that sweet fay, so kind of old,  
To leave the choice with me?  
Were she to say, "My fairy power,  
To grant all blessings, use;  
Give what thou wilt to this young life,  
And what thou wilt, refuse."

*Her diamond wand, my little one,  
Above thee would I raise,*

"Be health," I'd say, "be beauty thine,  
My boy, through all thy days.  
The perfect powers that give thee strength  
Thy work on earth to do,  
The perfect form, that shows the soul's  
Own beauty shining through.

"Be plenty thine ; that, wealthy, thou  
Mayst independent live ;  
That, rich, to thee it may be given  
Abundantly to give ;  
That heaven, through means of that thou hast,  
To thee may be made sure ;  
In life—in death—that thou mayst have  
The blessings of the poor.

"Be thine a warm and open heart,  
Be thine unnumbered friends ;  
A life, held precious while it lasts,  
And wept for when it ends.  
And, heaven on earth, be thine a home  
Where children round thee grow,  
Where one, with all thy mother's love,  
Makes blest thy days below.

"Harold, be thine that better life  
That higher still aspires,  
Supreme in sovereign sway above  
The senses' low desires ;  
And thine the fame that, told of, men  
Of holy deeds shall hear,  
A glory, unto good men's thoughts  
And lowly memories dear.

"Walk thou a poet among men,  
A prophet sent of God,  
That hallowed grow the common ways  
Of earth which thou hast trod ;  
*That truth in thy eternal words  
Sit throned in might sublime.*

And love and mercy, from thy tongue  
For ever preach to Time.

“All human wishes most desire,  
All last they would resign,  
All fondest love can long to give,  
My little one, be thine.  
The purest good that man can know,  
To thee, my boy, be given;  
And be thy every act on earth  
A deed to win thee heaven!”

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## TO W. G. B.

SOUL, not yet from heaven beguiled,  
Soul, not yet by earth defiled,  
Dwelling in this little child,  
Be, O to him be  
All we would have thee!

Through this life of joy and care,  
If that grief must be his share,  
Make, O make him strong to bear  
All God willeth, all  
That to him must fall.

O when passions stir his heart,  
Tempting him from good to part,  
Make him from the evil start,  
That he walk aright,  
Soilless in God's sight!

Taint him not with mortal sin,  
That heaven's palms his hands may win,  
That heaven's gates he enter in,  
Of God's favour sure,  
Pure as he is pure!

If he wander from the right,  
 O through error's darksome night,  
 On to heaven's eternal light,  
     Guide, O guide his way  
     To heaven's perfect day !

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## CRADLE SONGS.

## IV.

SLEEP, boy, sleep—sleep !  
 For the day is for waking—for rest the night,  
 And my boy must learn to use each aright ;  
     Let him toil in the day, and steep  
 Through the night his senses in slumber sound,  
 To fit him to work when day comes round !  
     Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !

Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !  
 For my boy must be strong of body and limb,  
 To do all I'd have to be done by him ;  
     Let his slumbers be sound and deep,  
 That stout of arm and of heart he may grow,  
 Both hot to do and keen to know ;  
     Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !

Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !  
 For no puny son must I have—not I,  
 Made through his days but to crouch and sigh,  
     To bend and to weakly weep ;  
 No—my man must be strong to battle with care,  
 The bravest to do, and the boldest to dare ;  
     Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !

Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !  
 Yes, thy mother, my boy, would have thee one  
 By whom this old world's best work is done,  
     One who on its dullards shall sweep, [strife,  
 If it must be, through storm—if it must be, through  
 To still freer thoughts and to still purer life ;  
     Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !



## THE STORY OF A MOTHER.

FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE the little one lay, white and dying,  
 And beside its bed, with sorrow wild,  
 Wailed the mother, unto heaven crying,  
 "Spare my baby ! spare, O God, my child !"

Then the darkness, death, arose before her,  
 Laid its hand upon her baby's heart ;  
 And, a nameless anguish creeping o'er her,  
 From her infant saw she life depart.

It was dead, and fixed before her eye was  
 That dear face that on her should have smiled ;  
 But a moment dumb with grief, her cry was  
 Straight, "O God ! O give me back my child !"

Then it was as if God willed to send her  
 Answer to the wail that from her rose ;  
 And it seemed as, if, with accents tender,  
 Death breathed, "Fate, what might have been, d  
 close !"

And with anguish that she might not smother,  
 Looked she through the distant years with awe,  
 All the child had lived to, saw the mother ;  
 All its grown-up life the mother saw.

And she saw her babe, her heart's dear treasure,  
 Fated, not to peace and joy, alas !  
 Fated, not to know a pure life's pleasure,  
 But through want, and woe, and guilt to pass.

Then the mother knew her human blindness,  
 And, even through her tears, she brightly smiled,  
 Blessed be God !" she cried, "that in His kindnes  
 Bore from earth, and sin, and shame, my child !"

## CRADLE SONGS.

v.

SLEEP, baby, sleep !  
 Cease thy bitter crying !  
 In the cold earth deep,  
 Deep in death's long sleep,  
 O that we were lying !  
 Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !  
 Let's forget to-morrow  
 Comes, when we must bear  
 Scorn, and want, and care,  
 Waking but for sorrow !  
 Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !  
 Thy poor mother pity !  
 Worn and faint, she hears  
 No voice her life that cheers  
 In all this great, hard city ;  
 Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !  
 Thou hast thy mother only ;  
 Cold and still lies he  
 Who worked for thee and me,  
 And left us, boy, how lonely !  
 Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !  
 Faint and, God ! how weary !  
 Let these eyes, how blest !  
 Baby mine, in rest,  
 Forget this world so dreary !  
 Sleep, baby, sleep !

## MOTHERS' SONGS.

Sleep, baby, sleep !  
 Heed not mother's crying !  
 O boy, by God's will,  
 We were cold and still,  
 With thy father lying !  
 Sleep, baby, sleep !

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## MOTHERS' SONGS.

## I.

Look into mother's eyes  
 Beaming above you !  
 Only one, baby mine,  
 So much can love you !  
 One, but one gaze alone  
 Such love is giving,  
 Baby, into our own  
 While we are living ;  
 Look into mother's eyes  
 Beaming above you !  
 No other eyes as much  
 Ever shall love you.

Drink in that love now yours !  
 That shall change never ;  
 Like God's, that love endures  
 Now and for ever ;  
 Baby, in after days,  
 O let no morrow  
 Ever, of yours, that gaze  
 Sadden with sorrow !  
 Laugh into mother's eyes  
 Beaming above you !  
 But one, beneath the skies,  
 So much can love you.

In God's good time, may be,  
 In years before you,  
 Other dear eyes you'll see,  
 Bend in love o'er you ;

But let none others be,  
To your heart nearer !  
Others you'll never see  
Where you are dearer ;  
Laugh into mother's eyes,  
Love-lit above you !  
No other loving eyes  
So much shall love you.

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## THE FIRST SHOES.

Wife, keep those shoes with the shape of his feet in them,  
Restless, small feet, that we'd never have still ;  
Through all your years to come, visions how sweet in them,  
Dreamings how priceless, your fancy will fill !  
Treasure them ; some dreams are more than all pleasures  
Life's ever giving our hearts to enjoy ;  
Few things that ever you'll prize, wife, as treasures,  
So dear will be as these shoes of our boy.

Worn is each little sole ; blessed was the wearing  
Smoothing them so—at which glad tears you wept,  
Those wavering weak steps that caused you such caring,  
Those tiny steps that our baby first stept ;  
Wife, to our hearts, what a joy beyond telling  
Were those dear totterings, half boldness—half fear !  
All the joy then that our proud hearts was swelling,  
Whene'er we see them, with us will be here.

Bolder those small shoes were ere he outgrew them ;  
Firm was the foot-tread at last that they knew,  
When mother's eyes to her stooping kiss drew them,  
With that rapt gaze that still looked him to you ;  
Seeing them, ah, in the garden I've found him,  
Busy and bustling as ant or as bee ;  
Glad as the butterfly flitting around him,  
*Babbles my baby again up to me.*

Treasure them ; brood o'er them ; O how dear to you  
Will those small memories in after years prove,  
Should it be God's will, those eyes that so knew you  
You in this life below no more can love.  
Then shall the sight of these be a spell, raising  
Up to your gaze again, dim through your tears,  
That little lost form to gladden your gazing,  
Bidding that small tongue again bless your ears.

Ah, if in years to come—O God, forbid it !—  
We must with trembling and tears tell his name,  
Fear his grown face, and half wish God had hid it  
Cold in the coffin before it knew shame,  
These shall be balm to the sorrows that wring you,  
Over these, tears, not all sad, you shall rain,  
These his dear baby face sinless shall bring you,  
That you may love him all spotless again.

Far be such thoughts from us ; none such we're fearing  
Ever, dear, for him, our darling—our joy ;  
God will his mother's prayers always be hearing,  
Hearing his father's prayers, prayed for our boy.  
But, O dear wife of mine, these shoes, we'll keep them  
Grown-up, he'll laugh at what he used to use ;  
Tears but of pride and joy only shall steep them,  
When, a man, with us he sees his first shoes.

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## MOTHERS' SONGS.

### II.

O BABE of my bosom,  
Unto this heart nearest,  
My rosebud—my blossom,  
My darling—my dearest ;  
God's gift, sent to bless me,  
Me, bending above you,  
Whose dear eyes caress me,  
Me—me, who so love you ;

O babe of my bosom,  
To this fond heart nearest,  
Still must you, my blossom,  
My best be, and dearest.

Ere God gave my treasure  
My life to be blessing,  
To love beyond measure  
This breast he's caressing,  
How often in seeming  
These tiny hands pressed me !  
How sweet was my dreaming  
My baby caressed me !  
O, babe of my bosom,  
Lie to my heart nearest,  
My treasure, my blossom,  
My fondest, my dearest !

Yes, laugh in these eyes so !  
To mother's be telling  
The love that I prize so,  
From that dear heart welling !  
O, never that love, boy,  
In after years smother !  
O, love none above, boy,  
Your own fondest mother !  
O, babe of my bosom,  
To this fond heart nearest,  
Still will you, my blossom,  
My best be, and dearest.

Ah, bud, whom I'm bending  
And brooding o'er ever,  
One love is unending,  
One colder grows never ;  
Those eyes while they're living  
Will surely see others,  
*Fond love to them giving,*  
*But none like your mother's.*

O, babe of my bosom,  
Unto this heart nearest,  
Still must you, my blossom,  
My best be, and dearest.

O, if sad and lonely  
In far coming morrowa  
One heart, if one only,  
Will share all your sorrows ;  
This, nothing estranging,  
Should all the world leave you,  
This—this, all unchanging,  
With love will receive you.  
O, babe of my bosom,  
Unto my heart nearest,  
Still must you, my blossom,  
My own be, my dearest.

Drink, drink at my bosom,  
Your cheek to it pressing ;  
Make blest, O, my blossom,  
This heart you're caressing !  
O, still to your mother  
Be only a gladness,  
A pride, and no other,  
No shame and no sadness !  
O, babe of my bosom,  
To mother's heart nearest,  
Still must you, my blossom,  
To mother be dearest.

O, dear God, who gave him,  
My babe, to be warming  
This heart—you will save him,  
My bud, from all harming.  
Half-fearful I tremble,  
O, life loved so dearly,  
*Sleep seems to resemble*  
*Death in you so nearly.*

Sleep, babe of my bosom !  
Thou, Father, Thou hearest  
My prayer for my blossom,  
My darling, my dearest.

My joy will not leave me ;  
While him God is sparing,  
For all that can grieve me  
This heart's little caring.  
Then, soft in my bosom,  
Rest, baby, unfearing !  
God guards you, my blossom ;  
Our prayer He is hearing.  
Sleep, babe, on my bosom,  
To mother's heart nearest !  
Still, still must my blossom  
To mother be dearest.



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**THE WORN WEDDING-RING AND OTHER  
HOME POEMS.**



## THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife ; ah, sun  
not a few,  
Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'e  
and you ;  
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares  
pleasures, too,  
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old  
was new.

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my li  
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes" made  
my loving wife ;  
Your heart will say the same, I know ; that day's as  
to you,—  
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when thi  
ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet face  
day !  
How fair you were, how dear you were, my tongue  
hardly say,  
Nor how I doated on you ; ah, how proud I was of y  
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring  
new ?

No—no ; no fairer were you then than at this hour to  
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you deare  
As sweet your face might be that day as now it i  
true,  
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring  
new ?

O, partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what gr  
there  
*For me you would not bravely face, with me you  
not share ?*

O, what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,  
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring  
was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—young voices that  
are here, [more dear,  
Young faces round our fire that make their mother's yet  
Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more  
like to you,  
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring  
was new.

And, bless'd be God ! all He has given are with us yet ;  
around  
Our table, every precious life lent to us still is found ;  
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst  
we've struggled through :  
Bless'd be His name for all His love since this old ring was  
new !

The past is dear ; its sweetness still our memories treasure  
yet ;  
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now  
forget ;  
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still  
true,  
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring  
was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to  
grow old,  
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine  
grow cold ;  
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to  
you,  
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring  
was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me to my  
rest,  
*May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on the  
breast ;*

O, may my parting gaze be bless'd with the dear sight of  
you,  
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring  
was new.

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## MY OWN EASY CHAIR.

## A FIRESIDE SONG.

WHEN business is done, and I home take my way,  
To rest me at last from the cares of the day,  
Fatigued—wearied out quite—what pleasure is there  
In flinging me down in my own easy chair;  
    O my own easy chair,  
    My own cosy chair,  
A friend I love well is my own easy chair.

From morning till evening—till night's coming down,  
I'm busy at work without rest in the town,  
Till body and brain no more labour can bear,  
Till I thank God at home is my own easy chair;  
    Then my own easy chair,  
    My own cosy chair,  
How welcome to me is my own easy chair.

In winter, as entering I shake off the snow,  
In the fender my slippers are toasting, I know;  
And, fronting the bright blaze, I'm sure to see there,  
In the full ruddy firelight, my own easy chair;  
    O my own easy chair,  
    My own cosy chair,  
Still ready for me is my own easy chair.

What rest, when I'm quite to its comfort resign'd,  
What gladness of ease in its old arms I find!  
To be tired right out is a joy I declare,  
But to taste the full rest of my own easy chair;  
    O my own easy chair,  
    My own cosy chair,  
*What rest is like that in my own easy chair.*

My bed is a blessing, for which God I bless,  
But bed than one's own chair must comfort one less,  
For, sleeping, one can't know how blest one is there,  
The waking delight of my own easy chair;  
    O my own easy chair,  
    My own cosy chair,  
How I feel the full rest of my own easy chair.

If I with the crosses of life am perplex'd,  
If with men and their doings I'm worried and vex'd,  
In its quiet I learn soon to bear and forbear,  
And peace comes to me in my own easy chair;  
    O my own easy chair,  
    My own cosy chair,  
It whispers me peace, does my own easy chair.

But my chair's a confessor and counsellor too,  
If a wrong I have done, or a wrong I would do,  
Its quiet old voice not a failing will spare,  
And wisdom I learn from my own easy chair;  
    O my own easy chair,  
    My own cosy chair,  
What preacher is like you, my own easy chair.

Round my chair, little faces, how dear! come and go,  
To get kisses—ask questions—their lessons to show,  
And to puzzle their father, though sage I look there,  
As if all things I knew, in my own easy chair;  
    O my own easy chair,  
    My own cosy chair,  
Long may those faces throng round my own easy chair

In my chair as I dream, there looks up from my knee  
The face of an angel 'tis heaven to see,  
Golden curls—azure eyes—baby's small voice is there,  
Prattling up to my heart in my own easy chair;  
    O my own easy chair,  
    My own cosy chair,  
*God keep that small form by my own easy chair.*

Then the boys, they are heard with their voices too high ;  
Harold's loud in assertion—Will's shrill in reply—  
And my voice must be raised, calming down the storm there,  
The lawgiver speaks from my own easy chair ;

O my own easy chair,  
My own cosy chair,

Is the judge over stern in my own easy chair ?

Then Katie, or May, as night grows in the room,  
With the sweetness of some dear old tune fills the gloom,  
As she plays, through my brain steals its feeling till there  
I could dream night away in my own easy chair ;

O my own easy chair,  
My own cosy chair,

What dreams come to me in my own easy chair !

Then rhymes come unbidden ; as feeling grows strong,  
Through head, lip, and pen, fancies hurry along,  
And songs leap to birth, to some still voiceless air,  
And a poet I seem in my own easy chair ;

O my own easy chair,  
My own cosy chair,

The muse loves me well in my own easy chair.

O Emma, my good, true, my own darling wife,  
Through the worst cares of day how it gladdens my life  
To think that at evening your face will be there,  
Looking love to me stretch'd in my own easy chair ;

O my own easy chair,  
My own cosy chair,

How dear comes that voice to my own easy chair.

What memories cling to it ! what thoughts of delights  
Of past Christmas eves and of gone New-Year's nights,  
Of faces we see not—shall only see where  
We shall go when we're missed from our own easy chair ;

O my own easy chair,  
My own cosy chair,

Where they're gone, may I go from my own easy chair.



My gladness to gladden—my sorrow to cheer,  
Still, old chair, be my friend while in life I am here  
Be my comforter still till all white is my hair,  
Till death steals my form from my own easy chair;  
    O my own easy chair,  
    My own cosy chair,  
One day we must part too, my own easy chair.

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## OUR FAIRIES.

THERE are fairies here about us,  
That our home are brightening still,  
That were dull and sad without us  
Whom they come with joy to fill ;  
Perchance, their gold they've squandered,  
And so can live no more  
In Elf-land, and have wandered  
For shelter through our door ;  
Blest is the roof above them ;  
We care not why they've come ;  
We know but that we love them,  
These fairies of our home.

One of them, but a baby,  
Crows in its mother's arms ;  
Its mood, whate'er it may be,  
That mood its mother charms ;  
It drinks at her dear bosom,  
It laughs up in her eyes,  
A blooming, rosy blossom,  
Of but the tiniest size.  
Blessed are the eyes above it,  
To bless them it has come ;  
This baby, how we love it,  
This fairy of our home.

One can but be entrancing  
Our eyes with all he'll do ;  
Whatever, wife, is chancing,  
Still he's a bliss to you ;

Called, in some tongue he answers  
That's known in Elfin land ;  
There, perhaps, the best of dancers,  
Here, he can hardly stand ;  
With summer skies above him,  
'Mongst bees he loves to roam ;  
Dear toddler, how we love him,  
This fairy of our home !

A third, more staid, whom may be  
We've seen for some eight years.  
Teases and talks to baby,  
And a small girl appears.  
She speaks a tongue that's human,  
She's here to act the part  
Of a sweet little woman,  
How dear, wife, to your heart !  
O golden-curled, dear Mary,  
No evil near you come,  
You laughing, blue-eyed fairy  
Of fairies of our home.

The next—our home they fill full—  
Like the most pert of boys,  
Is still an urchin wilful,  
And fills our days with noise ;  
Yet, darling of his mother,  
He loves so well to kiss,  
We'd have him just no other  
Than all to us he is ;  
Though plain this one we see is  
A something of a gnome,  
Dear as the others he is,  
This fairy of our home.

Another, somewhat bigger,  
Has bent to mortal rule,  
Can read, and seems to figure,  
A boy, 'mongst boys at school ;  
*He, mortal sports unheeding,*  
*Will pore, of thought bereft*

For all things else, still reading  
Of Elf-land he has left.  
Yet how can we reprove him !  
To bless us, too, he's come,  
We who so fondly love him,  
This fairy of our home.

Another that still longer  
To us the sun has shown,  
For her our love seems stronger,  
If stronger can be known ;  
Kate is her name 'mongst misses,  
At school she sings and plays,  
And wins from us, what kisses,  
What smiles, and prayers, and praise !  
Surely with her caressings  
Our maiden here has come,  
To fill our years with blessings,  
Fair fairy of our home.

But best and last, O maiden,  
That mov'st before our sight,  
A joy to us grief-laden,  
A bliss in our delight ;  
May, O thou priceless treasure,  
Best gift we ever knew,  
Who shall the gladness measure,  
The joy we find in you !  
How our hopes brood above you !  
Let tears—let sorrow come,  
We'll laugh while we can love you,  
Best fairy of our home.

O fairies, never leave us !  
O still breathe mortal breath !  
not of one, bereave us,  
Thou fear whose name is Death !  
These human blooms, O let them  
Live on to summer here,  
And not till winters fret them  
Bid them to disappear !

Lord, leave them to caress us !  
Through good, through ill to come,  
Still let these dear ones bless us—  
These fairies of our home !

---

## BY A GRAVE IN LEE CHURCHYARD.

FATHER—father, here I linger ;  
Years have passed since last I came,  
Thus to trace, with faltering finger,  
On this stone, your vanished name ;  
That dear name, what dear lips told it  
Once—that name, now named by none  
But by those, how few ! who hold it  
Dear as I, your lonely son.

Father, father, I am yearning  
That long-vanished form to see,  
That face that is but returning  
Dim, as in a dream, to me ;  
Few the years that dear face blessed me  
Ere it awed my childish sight,  
Father, no more to caress me,  
From its coffin, calm and white.

Then but as a child I wept you,  
Deeply as a child's heart can  
In its love my child's heart kept you,  
But no more than now I'm man ;  
Not as much ; O early-pined-for,  
Father, o'er whose grave I bow,  
See, with tears, these eyes are blind for  
Those dear eyes that see me now.

Yes, while here your dust is sleeping,  
O dear soul these lips would kiss,  
You are *in some new world keeping*  
*Watch o'er those you loved in this ;*

Still my evil thoughts controlling,  
    Joying in my earthly joy,  
I have felt you, grief consoling,  
    Warning—strengthening me, your boy.

O from empty space before me,  
    Father dear, that you might start,  
Might now bend that dear face o'er me  
    And look love into my heart !  
But not to these eyes while living  
    Shall that blessed lost look come ;  
No more words to mine are giving  
    Those dear lips, for ever dumb.

Shall I not hereafter know you,  
    O my father, yet again ?  
Yes, to these eyes death shall show you,  
    When I leave life's joy and pain ;  
With the bliss of those long parted,  
    O how cherished, O how sweet,  
Is the thought that then, glad-hearted,  
    Father, father, we shall meet !

---

## DREAM !

Yes, yours be pleasant dreaming ;  
    My little ones, while here,  
May fancies to your seeming  
    As sweet as facts appear ;  
Not only dreams of fairy  
    And elf-land yours should be,  
Like those vouchsafed to Mary,  
    But those that May would see.

Sweet visions without number  
    Not only I'd have come,  
Such as delight your slumber  
    When daylight's dreams are dumb,

That, even though free from terror  
And fearful forms of night,  
With unshaped thought and error  
Our sealed-up eyes delight.

No, but the fairest fancies  
That through the sunshine sing,  
And to all life's mischances  
A balm and comfort bring ;  
Dreams dear to babbling baby  
And girl alike and boy,  
And youth and age when maybe  
Life's older cares annoy.

Yes, dreams that bless all ages,  
I wave my wand!—descend,  
Ye hopes of all life's stages  
Until its solemn end.  
Dreams that with pictured story  
Make small ones hush their breath,  
Dreams that can light to glory  
The gathering glooms of death.

O Norman, tiny treasure,  
Last blessing lent from Heaven,  
Dreams but of baby pleasure  
To those small eyes be given.  
Dreams but of blessed blisses  
For ever meet your sight,  
Of mother's looks and kisses,  
Of mother's rapt delight.

Sweet fancy do your duty !  
In Mary's dreams disclose  
Dolls of unearthly beauty  
With cheeks that dim the rose ;  
To dress—to nurse—to chide them,  
Wax angels to her send,  
*If she have cares, to hide them*  
*And all her griefs to end.*

To Willie, breeched and coated,  
That restlessest of boys,  
Give boats that may be floated,  
All supermortal toys ;  
Such tarts as have no being,  
School-prizes, Christmas times,  
Pictures no eyes are seeing,  
And ceaseless pantomimes.

To Harold, endless cricket  
Where he is always in,  
Where no ball floors his wicket,  
Dread tales and lots of tin ;  
Scenes in the Circus, jumpings  
By goddesses in gauze,  
Schools where he gets no thumpings,  
And countless tops and taws.

And Kate, my darling, rising  
Some one year in your teens,  
Hope dream for you, disguising  
The future's chequered scenes !  
Dream on of friends and lovers  
Tender and kind and true  
As each small one that hovers  
At parties now by you.

Dream, May, O almost woman,  
O to our hearts how dear !  
Of all bliss that is human  
That God can give you here !  
Dream that the love around you,  
Dream that the hearts of home,  
Its praise and prayers surround you,  
Whatever, dear, may come !

May book-land sights be lending  
That suit the eyes of each  
With new delights unending  
That love and goodness teach,

From tales that fill small fancies  
With pity, awe, and mirth,  
To songs whose joy entrances  
The older brains of earth.

From age to age life ranges;  
As year on year is told,  
May you, through all its changes,  
The dreams you'd dream, behold.  
Fame—wealth—each sighed-for blessing,  
Love—every good beside,  
Be each, in dreams, possessing,  
If they're to life denied.

Yet through your mortal dreaming  
Be there celestial light  
Of radiant glory streaming  
Upon you, day and night;  
Visions of hours immortal,  
Gleams from a world above,  
Illuming death, its portal,  
With God's eternal love.

And O may He be willing,  
Who all sweet dreams ensures,  
The good your fancy's filling  
May still, in fact, be yours;  
While such fair worlds of dreaming  
Kind God allots to you,  
Enjoy their good in seeming,  
And wake to find it—true.

---

WEDDING WORDS.

A JEWEL for my lady's ear,  
A jewel for her finger fine,  
A *diamond* for her bosom dear,  
Her bosom that is mine.



Dear glances for my lady's eyes,  
Dear looks around her form to twine,  
Dear kisses for the lips I prize,  
Her dear lips that are mine.

Dear breathings to her, soft and low,  
Of how my lot she's made divine,  
Dear silences my love that show  
For her whose love is mine.

Dear cares no cloud shall shade her way,  
That gladness only on her shine,  
That she be happy as the May  
Whose lot is one with mine.

Dear wishes hovering round her life  
And tending thoughts, and dreams divin  
To feed with perfect joy the wife  
Whose happiness is mine.

---

## ON A MINIATURE OF MY WIFE.

YEs—there's the cheek—the placid eye,  
The softly shaded hair,  
The smile, the lip—yet tell me why  
Seems something wanting there?  
Ah, needless question! wherefore ask?  
How can the pencil trace  
The fond affection, the calm love,  
That sanctifies her face?  
Oh, Art is strong from time and death  
The outward charm to win,  
But vainly does it strive with Life  
To paint the heart within!

## MY NATIVE TOWN.

O KENT has many a town and many  
 A pleasant village by stream and sea,  
 But O more pleasant, more dear than any,  
 Is my native town where I dwell, to me,  
 And leafy Greenwich, green pleasant Greenwich,  
 Dear to my heart will it ever be.

My native Greenwich,—there dwelt my father,  
 And work'd for you till his early death ;  
 O on what spot of the wide world rather  
 Would I first have seen day or have first drawn breath  
 Than in leafy Greenwich, green pleasant Greenwich,  
 That dear will be to me till death.

My boyhood's Greenwich—each childish pleasure  
 In my old dear home in your streets I knew,  
 Each childish sadness, and thoughts I'll treasure,  
 Pleasant to think of my whole life through,  
 Of school-day times that long since in Greenwich  
 Sweet laughs and tears to my boy's eyes drew.

My manhood's Greenwich,—'tis there the gladness,  
 The griefs and cares of my life I've known,  
 But, whether my days brought joy or sadness,  
 Thought of with all, you've but dearer grown,  
 And joy and sorrow, my native Greenwich,  
 Have but drawn you more close to my heart alone.

'Tis there I've work'd to see those around me  
 Know wiser lives than their fathers knew,  
 With friends have labour'd that still have found me,  
 Through all my years, to your good still true ;  
 And while I am with you, O pleasant Greenwich,  
 Still will I work, my town, for you.

*O Medway, calm through your meadows winding,  
 Through blossoming hops that sweeten day,*

O Darent, the shadows of orchards finding  
 Wherever your gleaming waters stray,  
 Who mates you with the royal river  
 That seawards by Greenwich glides away !

Oxford and Reading watch its flowing ;  
 A pleasant stream to their wharves it shows ;  
 By Windsor and emerald Richmond going,  
 Yet, scarcely a river, it onward goes ;  
 But here, where to Greenwich her domes it shadows,  
 With navies its broad breadth ebbs and flows.

O pleasant lawns by your chestnuts bounded,  
 O shadowing elms rook-throng'd through Spring  
 To me, by London's deep roar surrounded,  
 What thoughts of stillness and peace you bring,  
 Of Mays when I've heard your hawthorns' blossoms  
 Rustled apart by some brown bird's wing !

And, fate, were my lot but summer dreaming,  
 The lot of the toilless, careless few,  
 Greenwich, how blest were it, to my seeming,  
 To dream away life, my town, in you,  
 Watching Autumn turning to gold your woodlands,  
 Watching Spring-time leafing your boughs anew

Ah, should my future from you be parted,  
 Should I not leave you, my town, with pain !  
 Sorrow here finds me less sad-hearted,  
 Joy more joyous than elsewhere ; fain  
 Here would my age in peace glide deathwards,  
 Here in your earth a calm grave gain.

---

TO A. E. B.

WITH AN ALBUM.

TRACED on the inkless whiteness of this book,  
 What, dearest Alice, would its giver see ?  
 White thoughts, as stainless as itself, should be  
 All that on its pure leaves should meet your look.

May loving pens give to each page a voice  
Of counsel or consolement or delight,  
Wise words to guide all wavering thoughts aright,  
Sweet tongues your listening fancy to rejoice.

Caged in these pages, here let poets bless  
Your ears with songs that catch the music heard  
Of angels, songs by which the heart is stirr'd  
To truth and pity, good and gentleness.

Yes, let the birds that all the seasons hear,  
The sweet-tongued poets, here rejoicing sing  
Songs that amid the roar of streets shall bring  
Nature and all the glory of the year.

Here be their sunshine that is always bright,  
Their woods, how green, even in the city's gloom,  
Their noons that glow, hot through the wintriest room,  
Their landscapes, ever stretch'd before our sight.

A precious casket, Alice, be this book,  
Of priceless memories, that you here may find  
Dear tones, unheard, that you would call to mind,  
And absent faces on which you would look.

Swiftly we pass ; it may be, some shall fill  
The voiceless grave, yet in these pages live,  
Speaking the love that they, alive, would give,  
To guide, rejoice, perchance console you still.

Life has its griefs for all ; if sorrow come  
On your life's path, even this poor book may hold,  
So stored, a holy wisdom, more than gold,  
Nor, ask'd for comfort, to your grief be dumb.

And may the beauty that your eyes here view,  
The truth and gentleness that here you find,  
Be written by it on your soul and mind,  
*And, loved of all, live evermore in you.*

## THE NEW PARIS.

## A HOME FANCY.

How strange are, wife, the freaks of dreams !  
 How quaintly does the mocking night  
 Weave that which is with that which seems,  
 To cheat with shows our sleeping sight !  
 Last night, my last word breathed your name ;  
 I slept ; then, mingling false and true,  
 Swift to my eyes a vision came  
 In antique guise, and yet of you.

Methought I breathed on Ida's side,  
 In Ilium's days, that Dardan boy  
 To whom Dione gave that bride,  
 The wonder, boast, and doom of Troy ;  
 Hush'd was the noon ; down on my eyes  
 A glory swam with sudden awe ;  
 Herè the great—Pallas the wise,  
 And her—the Queen of smiles—I saw.

Hermes alone, beside was there ;  
 A golden fruit the wing'd one bore :  
 " This, unto her who is most fair,  
 " Give thou ! " he said ; nor said he more.  
 Then heard I voices lure me straight,  
 Gifts fit for Gods in every voice ;  
 Power—wisdom—beauty—seem'd to wait  
 Upon the breath that told my choice.

O what had I with thrones to do ?  
 Cold wisdom's gifts why should I prize ?  
 I ask'd but power to live for you,  
 But wisdom won from those dear eyes.  
 A gaze that oft had Gods beguiled  
 Met mine ; Dione from me drew  
 The golden triumph as she smiled,  
 And, smiling, for it, proffered you.

## THE QUEEN.

## A FIRE-SIDE SONG.

Yes, wife, I'd be a thronèd king,  
 That you might share my royal seat,  
 That titled beauty I might bring  
 And princes' homage to your feet.  
 How quickly, then, would nobles see  
 Your courtly grace—your regal mien;  
 Even duchesses all blind should be  
 To flaw or speck in you, their Queen.

Poor wish! O wife, a queen you are,  
 To whose feet many a subject brings  
 A truer homage, nobler far  
 Than bends before the thrones of kings.  
 You rule a realm, wife, in this heart  
 Where not one rebel fancy's seen,  
 Where hopes and smiles, how joyous! start  
 To own the sway of you, their Queen.

How loyal are my thoughts by day!  
 How faithful is each dream of night!  
 Not one but lives but to obey  
 Your rule,—to serve you, its delight;  
 My hours—each instant—every breath  
 Are, wife, as all have ever been,  
 Your slaves, to serve you unto death;  
 O wife, you are indeed a Queen!

## MY PICTURE GALLERY.

I am fond of pictures; how I love to wander through,  
 With delight,  
*allery such as this is!* 'Tis a pleasure ever new  
 To my sight;

Yet, though I've not a masterpiece that pencil ever drew  
 My heart has its own gallery, with pictures not a few;  
 Yes, friend, I have my paintings rare, and, trust me, sw  
                   ones, too,

Seen aright.

There, landscapes I can look on, fine as Turner's to  
                   eyes.

What a joy

For me within the glory of their golden radiance lies!

From annoy,

From care I turn, with rapture still, to see their mounts  
                   rise,

To gaze upon their rivers, and entrance me with th  
                   skies,

More radiant than the sunniest Cuyps, the Claudes t  
                   most you prize

And enjoy.

Ah, in my silent gallery, priceless portraits too are hun

I adore,

As fine as those that Titian's mighty hand has ever flun

Glory o'er.

There are my Vandycks and Reynoldses, I love to st  
                   among,

More than through those whose praise and fame aro  
                   the world are rung—

These, than Rembrandts or your Raphaels rare, so prai  
                   by every tongue,

I love more.

O, Memory, mighty painter! these I prize are from y  
                   hand.

How they start

To colour, life, and motion, at the waving of your wand

When apart

[sta

From men, and talk, and bustle, I before them, musi

How precious forms and faces, and dear scenes of sea

land,

[gra

Than ever colours imaged yet, more tender, sweet,

Charm my heart.

the dim-remembered places that once felt my infant  
;

Long ago ;  
the woods and playgrounds nearer, bedroom, parlour,  
school, and street

That I know ;  
and lane, and sand and seashore, trodden by my  
fish feet,  
firmer steps, that make my heart with pleasure  
beat ;  
ours and old troubles, ah ! old sorrows now seem  
set,

That they show.

the faces that I look on, and the forms that there  
are,

Dim or clear,  
sadder, soft, and dream-like seems their beauty there  
now,

And how dear !  
brothers—father—mother, as they are and used  
to be  
baby sight—my boy's eyes, seen in sorrow, thought,  
glee,  
lead to us in distance—those in eternity—

They are here.

and smiles they're ever smiling, with old sorrows  
as they grieve ;

O, how still !  
and, with dreams and shadows that my fancy used  
to weave,

How they fill !  
and—the feared—the false—old looks that fondle,  
deceive—  
singing laughs, and saddest sighs — the gone for  
whom we grieve—  
the shadowy twilights of the solemn past they  
are,

At my will.



The man is there the infant—the girl's long-vanish  
smiles

There remain ;  
And tottering age to stirring life, the magic here beguile  
All in vain  
Time would hide them. O, enchanter, here thy sile  
wondrous wiles,  
To thy canvasses, that glow with matchless charms of  
sweet styles,  
Beauty faded — life departed — friendship, absent we  
miles,

. Call again.

On the deepening summer shadows—on the redly-glow  
fire,

So she'll paint  
All that eye and heart have seen, or see, or ever can desi  
Clear or faint,  
There she limns them, and with gladdened eyes, that ne  
of them tire,  
All the wonder — sweetness — sadness, of her marvel  
admire.  
Ah, my pictures beat your rarest, though they may  
have a buyer,  
Child or saint.

My hair is gathering gray apace ;  
There's silver in it seen at last ;  
More thin and care-worn grows my face,  
And age creeps near, now youth is past ;  
I've known what forty years can take,  
What forty changeful years can bring,  
Time, perhaps, my songs less gay may make,  
But, blessed be God, I still can sing.

Yes, I have lived my life's fresh Spring,  
The laughing May of all my years,  
When, in the light that hope can fling  
On all things, earth a heaven appears ;

Ah, May and hope, I've left behind  
Too far to feel as in my Spring ;  
But yet I have not song resigned,  
No, blessed be God, I still can sing.

I've learned that as we onward range,  
Each year its cares and toils must know,  
That pleasures into griefs must change,  
That gleams the cloudiest skies can show ;  
Yet, though I soberer plod along,  
My age has glimpses of my Spring ;  
Yes, still its sunshine's in my song,  
And, blessed be God, I still can sing.

Little's the leisure that I have ;  
At times I tread a weary way ;  
At times, for rest, my life will crave,  
From the dull labours of each day ;  
So years go by, I know my days  
My share of good and gladness bring,  
But, best of blessings, God, I praise  
The most that still He bids me sing.

Yes, the thrush sings, though Summer's come,  
As though the Spring were round it still ;  
O may my Autumn not be dumb,  
And song-bursts still my Winter fill !  
Linger with me, O dear delight !  
I hardly care what time may bring ;  
Care, toil, and sorrow sink from sight,  
While, blessed be God, I still can sing.

---

AND say you that my Spring has fled,  
O silver round my temples shown ?  
*What matter though time blanch my head,  
So that he leave my heart alone ?*

I know, when first my glass would show  
The gathering gray, I used to start ;  
What care I now ! I've learned to know  
Still Spring and song are in my heart.

Then let Time touch my hair to white ;  
It pleases him, it pains not me,  
So long as still my heart is light,  
And pleasure in my thoughts I see ;  
Let age have cheek, and hair, and eyes,  
These form, of sweet youth, but a part ;  
I do but mask as old and wise :  
Still Spring and song bloom in my heart.

Yes, in this heart, they're blooming still,  
And here I'd hold them while I've breath ;  
Whatever else my age may kill,  
My mirth and songs should know no death ;  
On to the cold brink of the grave,  
From which I'd learn not even to start,  
These blessings from time's grasp I'd save,  
And Spring and song should cheer my heart.

NARRATIVE POEMS  
AND BALLADS.

BY

W. C. BENNETT.

*HENRY S. KING & CO., LONDON.*

1875.

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*TO*

*ALFRED TENNYSON,*

*WITH PROFOUND ADMIRATION.*

*' Arthur is come again, no more to die !  
Arthur has come to reign eternally !'  
So, from thy earliest volume, rang the cry.*

*Nor cried the People that glad cry in vain ;  
Lo, in thy living lines he rules again,  
The Peerless King, the soul without a stain.*

*So shall he reign, even as his Merlin saith ;  
In these, thy deathless words, redeemed from death  
He, with thy fame, shall breathe immortal breath.*

*Peer of the highest, Spenser's mighty rhyme,  
Shadowed that shadow in his dream sublime,  
And Dryden longed to link its life to time.*

*But what these wondrous ones of the bright Past  
Did or desired, thy pen hath over-passed ;  
By thee, their high quest is achieved at last.*

*O rare Prometheus of our later day,  
Thy fire makes fact, what olden legends say,  
It burns in life, that shall not know decay.*

*Therefore, O Laurell'd One, we name thy name  
With that awed love which is the soul of fame,  
And say, ' To glorify mankind, he came,*

*' Came, with high thoughts, our Age's life to feed,  
Men's souls henceforth to purer lives to lead ;  
Of him shall be born noblest thought and deed.'*

*This be thy dearest praise, O Tennyson,  
Christ's law of life again our Age has won  
From him thou brought'st to us from Avalon.*

## PART II.

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### NARRATIVE POEMS AND BALLADS.

|                                                                 | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ed Tennyson.                                                    |      |
| Eleanor's Vengeance . . . . .                                   | 61   |
| s from a Painter's Studio . . . . .                             | 71   |
| 3 . . . . .                                                     | 74   |
| rful Cornet . . . . .                                           | 76   |
| ndia . . . . .                                                  | 78   |
| r of the Ballet . . . . .                                       | 80   |
| Griselda . . . . .                                              | 85   |
| at-race . . . . .                                               | 101  |
| lion . . . . .                                                  | 105  |
| acter . . . . .                                                 | 110  |
| s . . . . .                                                     | 119  |
| ory-Roll . . . . .                                              | 124  |
| 9 . . . . .                                                     | 139  |
| ge Tale . . . . .                                               | 142  |
| ga of the Fall of Harald Hardrada . . . . .                     | 145  |
| ecution . . . . .                                               | 148  |
| ate's Return . . . . .                                          | 151  |
| iumph for Salamis . . . . .                                     | 152  |
| mpstress to her Mignonette . . . . .                            | 165  |
| dgment of Midas . . . . .                                       | 166  |
| atch of the Crusades . . . . .                                  | 169  |
| Court . . . . .                                                 | 173  |
| ssamine . . . . .                                               | 176  |
| es from an unfinished Tragedy on the Fall of Messenia . . . . . | 183  |
| : and Son . . . . .                                             | 188  |
| asure-Finder . . . . .                                          | 189  |
| dra speaks . . . . .                                            | 191  |
| n Moor. . . . .                                                 | 192  |
| obin . . . . .                                                  | 195  |



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2.

3.

4. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

## QUEEN ELEANOR'S VENGEANCE.

QUEEN ELEANOR's is a deadly hate ;  
It dogs her foes down keen as fate.

And woe to those who the dark Queen scorn :  
Better far had they never been born !

Than the Poitevin Queen should have on them frown'd,  
They'd have better been track'd by a black sleuth-hound

Be they ever so high who court her frown,  
Her Aquitaine hate will pull them down.

Be they ever so fair her love who cross,  
Let them 'ware of deadly peril and loss.

Let them praise their name-saints, if, in the strife,  
They lose all else, and yet 'scape with life.

Woe and woe to Lord Clifford's daughter !  
Eleanor's fiercest hate has sought her !

Sought her fiercely and sought her long,  
On the false king's leman to wreak her wrong.

A wrong not she will tamely endure—  
That the Clifford's blood alone can cure ;

For she of Poitou will wreak on her worse  
Than empty scold and womanish curse.

And the parching thirst of the South Queen's rage,  
The bowl or the steel shall alone assuage :

The draught from the bowl, or the stab from the steel,  
That *her own right hand* shall give or shall deal ;

The bowl fierce thrust on the trembling hand  
Of the white fair thing that can hardly stand ;

The stab that's dealt through the horror flung  
To her feet, while her curse in its ears is rung ;

These alone shall assuage her hate ;  
One shall be his Rosamond's fate.

Well had the King his treasure conceal'd ;  
Long was she sought through wood and through f

Long was she sought through road and through w  
Ere that she fell the dark Queen's prey.

For gold—what cannot be bought with gold !  
To the South Queen's ears the secret's told.

Death laughs out in her bitter laugh ;  
Vengeance shall not be glutted but half.

Now to her robe let his minion cling !  
Not hers the grasp of the doting King.

Now let a voice hiss into her ear,  
Not his honied words, but the frenzy of fear !

Now let curses stay her breath  
With the anguish of sudden and certain death !

Ho ! ho ! then, Woodstock holds the eyes  
That 'witch a king of his smiles and sighs !

A laggard is hate, if flits an hour  
Ere Eleanor seeks the Clifford's bower ;

For, warring in Aquitain, far away  
Is he to her hate who had barr'd the way.

*And God her soul from His good grace spurn,  
If the Clifford have life when the King return.*

Gold the clue from her guard has charm'd ;  
Gold has the minion's guard unarm'd.

O but the dark Queen's face was fix'd  
To the look of hell as the draught she mix'd !

And O but hell to her fierce eyes rose,  
As from many a dagger the keenest she chose !

Woe, O woe, for the golden-haired,  
For whom her King has so softly cared !

Woe, O woe, for the blue soft eyes  
That, woe for them ! won a kingly prize !

O woe for the cheek and the lip so red,  
That shall whiten so soon to the hue of the dead !

And woe, thrice woe, for the rounded form  
That soon not a kiss of its King shall warm !

And woe, thrice woe, for the rose-sweet breath,  
So soon to be still'd for ever by death !

The Queen has left her secret room,  
And horses are led out by page and groom ;

In the saddle, her men-at-arms, fierce and still,  
Sit ready to do her dark fierce will.

Woe, O woe, to green Woodstock's rose,  
If grasp'd by such rude wild hands as those !

Iron hands, and hearts that, in sooth,  
As little know as their poignards of ruth ;

Men of Poitou and of Aquitaine race,  
Keen to read their Southern Queen's face ;

Men that on Henry's self had trod  
At a *flash* of her eye or a meaning nod ;

Bloodhounds fell, that she holds in the slip,  
Loosed by her frown or the curl of her lip.

Eleanor mounts ; and away and away  
They ride through the gloom of the darkening d

The day is lost in a gusty night,  
Such tempest as suits her purpose aright.

And homestead and village, as, by, they sweep,  
Feel a shudder of horror thrill through their sleep;

Hours have come and hours have gone,  
But still that terrible hate rides on.

Hours have come and hours have past ;  
Hush'd Woodstock's streets are reach'd at last.

Cool and fresh is the midnight breeze  
That stirs green Woodstock's sleeping trees ;

Yet little the raging Queen recks now,  
That the misty midnight cools her brow ;

She hears not, she, the town's quick stir,  
The casements open'd to gaze on her.

Death—her thought is of death alone,  
Of a white dead face and a last deep groan.

No—not to save broad England's crown,  
Would she miss the joy with which she leaps down

Adown she lights. Lord Christ ! may few  
Of earth feel the hate that thrills her through !

O but it gladdens the heart of hell  
To feel the fire of a rage so fell !

It nears to one, and before the hour,  
*The grim Queen's at the Clifford's bower.*

O, ere the morning has grown to two,  
That hand has a fearful deed to do !

And, ere the morning has pass'd to three,  
Those eyes have a ghastly sight to see.

O fearfulest deed ! and O ghastliest sight !  
That best had been hidden in dreariest night !

The guards the door of the bower undo ;  
In her hand is the end of the maze's clue ;

With fast-set teeth and a tiger tread,  
Swift and softly she tracks the thread.

A dread flits with her across the grass,  
And the laurels shiver to feel her pass.

The heart of the maze her stern feet reach,  
And a low laugh's laugh'd that is more than speech.

Dim before her rises the tower  
That holds the sweetness of Woodstock's flower :

Rose, how soon, with a pitiless scorn,  
From its sweet young hold upon life to be torn !

Rosamond stirs in her slumber deep ;  
What is the terror that shakes her sleep ?

Rosamond starts from her ghastly dreams ;  
What is the sound that to hear she seems ?

Is it the dreamt-of terror that's there ?  
Is it a foot on the creaking stair ?

Hark ! she stiffens up white in bed ;  
Whom will it bring—that mounting tread ?

Well may the blood to her cold heart start  
*Who is it tears her curtains apart ?*

She tries to shriek, but her tongue is dumb;  
Woe! woe! the meeting, so fear'd, has come!

"Mercy!" she reads that gaze aright,  
Of the whelpless wolf or the hunger'd kite.

"Mercy!" Christ! in that fierce, quick breath,  
Is panted the horror of sure, sharp death!

Out she flings her upon the floor,  
As the grim Queen closes the chamber's door.

Heap'd on the trembling floor she lies,  
White as the dead 'neath those dreadful eyes.

Eyes that are fill'd with the fire of hell,  
As shiver and shudder her prey's throes tell.

As over her prey she stands and looks down,  
On her who must play with a queen for a crow

But the game is play'd, and lost is the stake,  
And the winner is here the forfeit to take.

Heaven and hell have heard her vow;  
Heaven and hell know its fell truth now.

What! and is this the head that would rest  
Its golden curls upon Henry's breast!

What! are these the fingers, slight as a girl's,  
The fingers that wound them in Henry's curls!

What! these are the white, round arms, that c  
No form but a king's round which to wind!

A king's! and darkér, and yet more grim,  
Grows the fell Queen's look as she thinks of hi

A king's! and dread are the words that meet  
The aching ears at her ruthless feet.

Curse and scorn, that they quiver to hear,  
With a half-dead heart and a sickening fear.

Curses that blast, and withering scorn;  
Jesu! O had she never been born!

Jesu! O that the earth would break,  
And straight the quick to the dead would take!

"Up, foul minion! your foul joy's past;  
"Hate, and not love, is here at last.

"What! you must toy with a crownèd king,  
"With the hand that God saw set on this, this ring!

"Up! swore I not that we should meet?  
"Up! ere I tread you beneath my feet.

"Mercy? No—not in life nor death;  
"The air is hell while it holds your breath.

"Mercy? Yes—for body and soul;  
"Such mercy as lurks in this poniard and bowl.

"Well did you plot my mercy to earn!  
"Rise! How, minion, your prayers I spurn!

"Thus I laugh at your vain despair;  
"Rise, ere I tear you up by the hair.

"Rise, and shudder! I—Eleanor—I  
"Hiss in your ears: Arise, and die!"

Up she rises, a ghastly sight;  
O but her lips are cold and white!

O but white is her ghastly cheek!  
And O but what horror her fix'd eyes speak!

*Vacant of sense her glassy stare  
On the cup thrust out, and the keen knife bare.*



Her stare, that seems not to understand  
What glares from each stony outstretch'd hand ;

Her stare, that sees all as if it seem'd,  
As if but a feverish dream it dream'd.

Yet real is the steel and real the draught,  
The steel to be felt, or the death to be quaff'd.

Real the ghastly hush that she hears,  
And the ghastly "Choose!" that shrills through her

Which shall she seize, and which refuse?  
For ever she hears that murderous "Choose!"

"Choose, ere my dagger loose you to tell  
"The tale of your cursed shame to hell!"

Not the stab from her hands! not a touch from th  
Swift her fingers clutch on the gold cup's stem.

As if life were hateful, at once she drains  
The draught, till no fearful drop remains.

As if life were fled from, and death were sweet,  
She drinks, and lies at the fierce Queen's feet.

And sharp and shrill is her one wild cry,  
"O God, but to see my boys ere I die!"

"O Henry!" and with that name her breath  
Flutters and stills to stirless death.

The deed is done—the deed of hell;  
What the grim Queen feels what tongue may tell

As she looks a look at the staring clay,  
And wordless and frowning turns away.

Yet again she turns and stoops her down,  
And darker and feller yet grows her frown.

A fair long tress her dagger has shorn ;  
That tress her page to the King has borne.

"A wifely gift to the Queen's Lord sent."  
O but the grim King strode his tent !

With a wounded lion's growl and glare,  
As he ground his teeth o'er the pale tress there.

As through his set teeth there raged an oath,  
And he plighted again to the dead his troth.

And an oath of vengeance he fiercely swore,  
To the white cold one he should see no more.

Well for you is it, darksome Queen,  
The ocean rolls you and your Lord between !

Else small his mercy, and short the shrift  
Of her who her hand 'gainst the Clifford dared lift.

Yet better were that than your fearsome doom,  
That gives you, Queen, to a living tomb ;

That gives your fierce life, day by day,  
In a dungeon's darkness to chafe away.

To chafe and to rage, and to vainly tear  
At the grate that bars you from light and air.

Your rage or your patience to him the same  
To whom your token of vengeance came.

Till your blood grow tame and your fierce heart feel  
For pardon it well could grovel and kneel.

For the feel of the breeze and the warm free sun,  
It could half wish its vengeful deed undone.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Godstowe nunnery's shadowy gloom,  
Was "Rosa Mundi" carved on a tomb.

And the tomb's sides white fair roses crept up  
Cunningly twined round a carven cup.

Prayed for with mass and with holy prayer,  
Chant and hymn, the Clifford lay there.

Still and carven in fair white stone,  
She lay in the quiet choir alone.

Till Lincoln's bishop, Hugh, pass'd that way,  
And enter'd the holy choir to pray.

And seeing that tomb, more fair than all,  
With its lights of wax and its silken pall,

And learning there Henry's light love lay,  
Commanded straight she be borne away ;

Holding her pomp the Church's disgrace,  
Spurning her sin from its resting-place.

Now Mary Mother more mercy show,  
Than living, or dead, she knew below !

Now God from her soul assoil all sin,  
And give her at last unto bliss to win !

For what better bait can the Devil fling  
For a woman's soul, than the love of a King ?

Heaven rest her soul, and shield us all,  
And aid us to stand, and not to fall !

And Mary Mother give us to rest  
At last in bliss with the Saints so blest !

## SKETCHES FROM A PAINTER'S STUDIO.

## A TALE OF TO-DAY.

A BROAD stream, smooth with deep-grassed fields,  
Through rushy turnings winding slow ;  
A dam where stirless waters sleep  
Till shot on the mossed wheel below  
A dusty mill, whose shadows fall  
On the stayed waters, white o'er all.

A vine-climbed cottage, redly-tiled,  
Deep-nooked within an orchard's green,  
Past which a white road winds away,  
That hedgerow elms from summer screen ;  
A busy wheel's near sound that tells,  
Within, the thriving miller dwells.

A cottage parlour, neatly gay,  
With little comforts brightened round,  
Where simple ornaments, that speak  
Of more than country taste, abound,  
Where bookcase and piano well  
Of more than village polish tell.

A bluff blunt miller, well to do,  
Of broad loud laugh—not hard to please ;  
A kindly housewife, keen and sage—  
And busy as her very bees ;  
A bright-eyed daughter—mirth and health,  
Their pride—their wealth above all wealth.

A tripping, fair, light-hearted girl,  
Not yet the ripened woman quite,  
Whose cheerful mirth and thoughtful love  
Light up the cottage with delight,  
And with a thousand gentle ways  
With pleasure brim her parents' days.

A titled *slip* of lordly blood,  
A few weeks' lounge at the Hall,

To gain new zest for palled delights  
And squandered waste of health recal ;  
An angler in the milldam's water ;  
A chatter with the miller's daughter.

A meeting 'neath a summer's night ;  
Soft smiles—low words—impassioned sighs ;  
The trembling clasp of meeting hands ;  
The hot gaze met with downcast eyes ;  
Foul perjuries that pollute the air,  
With burning hopes and doubts heard there.

A thin pale face, where Autumn sees  
No more the smiles that lit the Spring ;  
A foot less light upon the stair ;  
A low voice heard no more to sing ;  
One now that lost to all things sits,  
Now starts to over-mirth by fits.

Dear tongues that ask a gasping girl  
Of what to utter were to kill ;  
Looks that she feels upon her fixed ;  
Eyes that with tears pursue her still ;  
Care in the old accustomed place  
Of mirth, upon her father's face.

A dark small whitely-curtained room ;  
A form flung on the unopened bed ;  
Quick sobs that quiver through the gloom ;  
Tears rained from hot eyes swoln and red,  
And words that through their wild despair  
Still strive to shape themselves to prayer.

A winter midnight's starry gloom ;  
A pausing tread so light, that steals  
Across the landing—down the stairs,  
That scarce a creak a step reveals ;  
A stifled sob—a bolt undrawn ;  
A form—low words—a daughter gone.

A fresh-turfed narrow hoop-bound grave,  
Heaping a country churchyard's green,  
On whose white headstone, newly carved,  
The mill's old master's name is seen,  
The wayside mill's, that bears no more  
The well-known name so long it bore.

A stooping woman scarcely old,  
Yet with the feeble walk of age,  
The dull faint sense of whose blank mind  
No thing around her can engage,  
Yet who, when into speech beguiled,  
Will mutter of some absent child.

A costly-furnished west-end room,  
Whose mirrors—pictures—all things show  
A stintless and abounding wealth,  
An easeful luxury few can know ;  
A flaunting thing its glare within ;  
A thing of shame, remorse and sin.

A noise of quarrel ; keen reproach,  
Fronted with taunt, loud oath and curse,  
Heaped out with such vile store of scorn  
That hate in vain might seek for worse ;  
Meek pleadings, stricken to a close  
With, shame to manhood ! brutal blows.

A thing that once was woman ; white,  
Thin—haggard—hollow-eyed and wan ;  
A horror that the shuddering eye  
Starts back aghast from resting on,  
Whose only joy now left is drink,  
Whose fire burns out the power to think.

A bridge all Winter keen with gusts,  
On whose cold pathways lies the night ;  
Stony and desolate and dark,  
Save round the gas-lamps' flickering light,  
And *swept by drifts of icy sleet*  
*That numb each houseless wretch they meet.*

A wintry river broad and black  
 That through dark arches slides along,  
 Ringed where the gaslights on it play  
 With coiling eddies swirling strong,  
 That far below the dizzy height  
 Of the dark bridge swim through the night.

A crouching form that through the gloom  
 Paces its stones a hundred times,  
 That pausing—glancing keenly round,  
 The dark high balustrade up-climbs;  
 A plunge—a shriek. From all its woes  
 A weary soul hath calm repose.

A long bright suite of stately rooms,  
 Where to soft music's changeful swell  
 Keeps time the beat of falling feet,  
 And all things but of pleasure tell,  
 Where, partner gay of noblest hands,  
 The suicide's seducer stands.

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### A DIRGE.

#### CONCLUSION TO "SKETCHES FROM A PAINTER'S STUDIO"

HERE let never wild winds rave;  
 Winter howl not o'er her tomb;  
 Only come anigh this grave  
 Summer shade and gentle gloom,  
 And round it ever soft low winds keep moan,  
 And sobs flow by,  
 And faint airs sigh  
 Sad murmurs of the fading year alone.  
 Low we laid her, cold and pale,  
 Whiter than her folding shroud,  
 With a grief not told aloud,  
 Sudden sob and smothered wail;  
 Withered violets tell her tale—  
 Tender blooms, the gleam swift lost,  
 The fleeting breath

Of early Spring tempts forth to blighting frost  
And icy death.  
Unoped lilies o'er her tomb  
Strew—  
Primroses—the purple bloom  
Of hyacinths and faint perfume  
Of every frailest star that peeps the April through.  
Fair she was and sweet as they,  
With azure laugh within her eyes  
That tears and sadness gleamed away,  
A thing we said unmade for sighs,  
Till, woe, love came !  
Oh, tears, that love, life's best of worth,  
Love, joy of the rejoicing earth,  
Her days should claim  
From girlhood's mirths and careless sports and gay  
Light-hearted laughs and low-breathed prayers away,  
For gaze-drooped shame,  
For sobs and death—the cold, still tomb's decay,  
An unbreathed name.  
Yet ever in our thought she lies  
A memory all reproof above,  
On whom reproach turns not its eyes,  
But only love :  
Love with a misty gaze of gathering tears,  
That no accusing word of chiding memory hears.  
But unto HIM  
Comes she not in the watches of the night,  
The chamber's gloom,  
Thronging the dim  
And spectral room  
With wan, felt presence, that the shuddering sight  
Aches out upon through the dim taper's light,  
Till cold damps start  
On his dank forehead, and through his keen ears  
Throng palpable the utterings of his fears,  
And, ghastly fright  
Scourging his spotted soul, again he hears  
In the old tones that the remembered years  
Thrilled with delight,



The grave-closed sorrow of her tale of tears?  
     Such wages win  
     The accursed sin,  
 The serpent sin that on her pureness stole,  
 Sliming its track across her spotless soul,  
 Poisoning to ill the holy peace within.  
     Yet there is rest for all,  
     Sleep for the weariest eyes :  
     In peace she quiet lies  
     Where chequered shadows fall  
     Across her low-heaped grave,  
 Where the wild winds in grief forget to rave,  
 And ever the loud gusts of winter blow  
     In moanings low,  
 Wailing for her our sorrow might not save.  
     The hueless rose,  
 The pallid lily plant upon her tomb,  
 So shall their vestal glory light its gloom,  
 Its shadowing gloom, with the pure gleam of sun  
 And their white beauty shall the summer show  
 Our weeping love for her who sleeps below.

---

### THE TEARFUL CORNET.

To-DAY, arresting the passers' feet,  
 A cornet I heard in the hurrying street.  
  
 Common the cornet and man that played it;  
 What was it so telling and plaintive made it ?  
  
 I couldn't get from it. What could be its spell?  
 There was one I knew ; that I could but feel well.  
  
 Often I'd heard our Kœnig play,  
 But never the cornet before to-day.  
  
 Strange was its charm, it must be confest ;  
 Whence was its power you'd little have guessed.  
  
 The player was one not worth a rap,  
 With a broken hat and a coat with no nap.

Out at the elbows—with shoes that let  
Out, his bare toes and, in, the wet.

Wrinkled and old—too aged by half  
To be standing for pence amid jeer and laugh :

Though many I saw, to my elbows nigh,  
Thought little of laughter, as moved as I.

What could the cause be that all of us made  
Not able to stir while that tune he played.

'Twas a common street-air, I shouldn't have lingered,  
Except I'd been forced, to hear uttered or fingered.

One—why, a month past each urchin had hummed it,  
No organ but ground it—no scraper but strummed it.

And yet as it swelled now and died through my ears,  
My heart, it beat to it and praised it with tears.

You'll think me maudlin ; I wasn't a fool  
To let that cornet my feelings rule.

For the powers that ruled in that cornet's breath  
Were not age and want, but misery and death.

Away in a dirty lane of the town,  
A close court where never the sun comes down,

Up reeking stairs, if you'll pick your way,  
You'll come to a garret, so high, there's day.

Neat, to your wonder—cleanly though bare,  
Though with half of a table and hardly a chair.

Though the rusty grate seems little to know  
Of coals, and the cupboard no bread can show ;

Yet the room is furnished, as better ones are,  
In city and country—ay, near and afar.

For a silence is there that is hushing your breath,  
*And throned, on the bed in the corner, is death.*

The sunshine seems dim and the day full of awe  
As it touches with reverence that old bed of straw,  
And the withered face on it, and hair thin and gray,  
To pay for whose coffin that cornet must play.

Yes, to pay dues to death for his aged old wife,  
That cornet is suing for pence there to life.

Who wonders—not I—my heart to it beat,  
When grief and love played it afar in the street !

Who wonders—not I—I never had known  
A cornet like that for tears in its tone !

That I felt in its music a terrible sense  
Of a something beyond a mere playing for pence !

The heart it was played it—the heart it was heard it,  
And therefore it was that old wretched breath stirred it

God send that few players may play so well  
The cornet, such grief and such want to tell !

That the ears of few passers be startled again  
By a cornet that grief plays, a coffin to gain !

---

### FROM INDIA.

“ O COME you from the Indies, and soldier can you tell  
Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well ?  
O soldier, say my son is safe—for nothing else I care,  
And you shall have a mother's thanks—shall have a widow  
prayer.”

“ O I've come from the Indies—I've just come from the wa  
And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are ;  
From colonel down to rank and file, I know my comrad  
well,  
And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert ha  
me tell.”

"And do you know my Robert, now? O tell me, tell me true,  
 O soldier, tell me word for word all that he said to you!  
 His very words—my own boy's words—O tell me every one!  
 You little know how dear to his old mother is my son."

"Through Havelock's fights and marches the 90th were there;  
 In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert did his share;  
 Twice he went into Lucknow, untouch'd by steel or ball,  
 And you may bless your God, old dame, that brought him safe through all."

"O thanks unto the living God that heard his mother's prayer,  
 The widow's cry that rose on high her only son to spare!  
 O bless'd be God, that turn'd from him the sword and shot away!  
 And what to his old mother did my darling bid you say?"

Mother, he saved his colonel's life, and bravely it was done;  
 In the despatch they told it all, and named and praised your son;  
 A medal and a pension's his; good luck to him I say,  
 And he has not a comrade but will wish him well to-day."

Now, soldier, blessings on your tongue; O husband, that you knew  
 How well our boy pays me this day for all that I've gone through,  
 All I have done and borne for him the long years since you're dead!  
 But, soldier, tell me how he look'd, and all my Robert said."

He's bronzed, and tann'd, and bearded, and you'd hardly know him, dame,  
 We've made your boy into a man, but still his heart's the same;

For often, dame, his talk's of you, and always to one tune  
But there, his ship is nearly home, and he'll be with y  
soon."

"O is he really coming home, and shall I really see  
My boy again, my own boy, home? and when, when w  
it be?

Did you say soon?"—"Well, he is home; keep cool, c  
dame; he's here."

"O Robert, my own blessed boy!"—"O mother—mot  
dear!"

## THE STAR OF THE BALLET.

### A SKETCH FROM THE SOUTH.

For hours, what crowds have throng'd its door!

From pit to gallery, what a sight!

St. Carlo holds its hundreds more

Than e'er it held before to-night.

From Scotland is she? Well, the South

At length is by the North outdone!

Her name's alone in every mouth;

They're here to see but one—but one—

But one—but one.

They say all London's at her feet;

Gay Paris worships only her;

Her steps' wild charm to fever heat

Even Moscow's sluggish soul could stir.

From West to East, all Europe through,

One round of triumph has she run;

Now here we crown this wonder too,

And Naples flocks to see but one,

But one—but one.

Alike from palace, quay, and street,

Her worshippers to-night are brought,

As if this dancer's glancing feet

Were sunny Naples' only thought;

Who is not burning to adore ?  
Unseen, her triumph's yet begun.  
She comes ; her fame has flown before,  
And all are here to see but one,  
But one—but one.

Look round before the curtain's raised ;  
How well that beauty acts it there,  
In front, to have her white arm praised,  
And flash the diamonds in her hair !  
But that one face, what does it here ?  
Its sternness well each eye may shun !  
Her countryman ? Ah, then 'tis clear,  
He too is here to see but one,  
But one—but one.

Our Norma's good ; yet much I fear  
To-night no thunders wait for her ;  
And scarce, I think, were Grisi here,  
Or Lind herself, a hand would stir ;  
Their favourite air—'tis all in vain ;  
They would the ballet were begun ;  
Of her alone a sight they'd gain ;  
To-night they've only eyes for one,  
For one—for one.

She comes ! she comes ! that wreath of girls,  
How fair they float adown the stage !  
Now, swift the rosy circle whirls ;  
Now, breaks, one form to disengage.  
'Tis she whom all are hush'd to see !  
What thunders, still and still begun,  
But hush'd to burst, proclaim, 'tis she !  
A thousand eyes are strain'd on one,  
On one—but one.

How wondrous fair ! and yet, how cold  
The perfect oval of her face,  
Where all of beauty we behold,  
And yet of triumph scarce a trace !

She bends ; now, all unmoved, she stands,  
As if her right she only won,  
Her due, the rapture from our hands  
That, well she knows, would greet but one,  
But one—but one.

Away—away—her quivering feet  
The raptured eye can scarcely trace,  
Where all the forms of beauty meet,  
And every motion's rarest grace.  
She bounds ; she whirls ; with floating arms  
She poises ; each by each outdone ;  
Now proudly pants in all her charms  
Amid the plaudits hail'd on one,  
On one—but one.

Rain down your wreaths—your rarest flowers !  
Heap'd to her feet, let blossoms fall !  
Her queenly gaze is raised to ours,  
Her lighted eyes are thanking all ;  
What brought that flush to breast and brow,  
That flush that ne'er the dance had done ?  
That start ? She saw each face but now ;  
Now, now, she sees—she sees but one,  
But one—but one.

What does he here ? why has he sped  
O'er sea—o'er Alps, to front the gaze  
Of her, to him but as the dead,  
So loved—so lost in early days ?  
Can she, this bared thing of the stage,  
From God and her youth's worship won,  
This wept-for sin—can she engage  
One thought of his—one thought, but one,  
Even one—but one ?

Are her old father's thoughts less stern ?  
Perchance his aged eyes grow dim  
*In watch for her ; his heart may yearn*  
*At last for her who yearns for him ;*

O baseless hope ! he has not sent.  
His daughter ? Daughter he has none ;  
He knows not her, from God who went ;  
He has no child—no child—not one,  
Not one—not one.

His home's old Bible holds her name,  
Yet, nightly, when 'tis open'd there,  
For her who brought his grey hairs shame,  
For her, so loved ! he has no prayer.  
Prop of his age ! how could she turn  
From God, the world's vain ways to run !  
O bait of hell ! its fame to earn  
With his old curse, but heap'd on one,  
On one—but one !

His curse ! his curse ! O would his heart  
Could feel, what unto Heaven is known,  
No touch of vice need spot the art  
His stern faith holds as sin alone !  
Ah, could he know, who brought that start,  
What paths of peril she has run,  
Unstain'd in thought—in act—in heart,  
Would still his sternness spurn the one,  
The loved—the one ?

'Tis he, her lover of the days  
Ere yet she scorn'd her girlish home,  
Ere yet she nursed a thought of praise,  
Ere yet she knew a wish to roam ;  
And here, enchantress of the hour,  
Her memory's thought has backward run  
To the clear burn—the thorn in flower,  
The gloaming meetings, shared with one,  
With one—but one.

Fame whisper'd, and she weakly thought  
She well could thrust her pride above  
Her stifled heart, nor e'er be taught  
No pride, for long, can conquer love ;



Through joy—through triumph, soon that heart  
Its deeper tones would ever run,  
Till from all other love she'd start,  
Through all her temptings, true to one,  
To one—but one.

O doubt it not ! there have been hours  
When raptures pall'd, and praise was pain,  
When, crown'd with pleasure's rosiest flowers,  
She yearn'd for that still vale again,  
Half loathed the city's feverish life,  
Half wish'd the hopes of years undone,  
To flee the fame—the thirst—the strife,  
For some poor home, with him, the one,  
The loved—the one.

Ah ! still that home she yet may win,  
Woo—win it through the world's applause ;  
To-night, will he not drink it in,  
And, ere he dare to spurn her, pause ?  
She starts ; away in air she springs,  
Her every former grace outdone,  
Till, round one storm of plaudits rings,  
She heeds it not ; she heeds but one,  
But one—but one.

He rose ; he's gone ; even while, with him,  
To leave that life of life she yearn'd ;  
He only saw before him swim  
A scorn, his latest hope that spurn'd,  
A fallen shape, that, in his sight,  
Dared vaunt the heights its shame had won ;  
Of whom, to win to God and light,  
Remain'd no hope—no hope—not one,  
Not one—not one.

He's gone ; all vainly may she look,  
Through years, shall look for him in vain,  
Whose love she once for fame forsook,  
And now would give that fame to gain ;

That fame, that scarce a pulse can stir,  
 To gaze on her, though thousands run,  
 Those gazing thousands—what to her  
 Are they ? Still—still she looks for one,  
 For one—but one.

He's gone ; amid her native hills  
 He dwells, no more to name her name,  
 A thought of whom with sternness fills  
 His heart, grown bitter with her shame ;  
 He little thinks that worshipp'd star,  
 While crowds around her chariot run,  
 In thought, how oft ! is wandering far  
 To that loved home—to him—the one,  
 The loved—the one.

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## A NEW GRISELDA.

SAY you that there's no food for poetry  
 In all the life around us—that our age  
 Is too prosaic and mechanical  
 To find a subject for the poet's pen ?  
 Tush ! as well might the blind old beggar say,  
 Who walks in night through this majestic world,  
 That all the wonders that he cannot see  
 Have no existence ; trust me, friend, in you,  
 Not in the manners—spirit of our age,  
 Or what else you have named, the reason lies.  
 The want is yours ; a Shakespeare yet would find  
 In many a drawing-room and busy street,  
 Nay, in the squalid alleys of our towns,  
 And in our very jails and workhouses,  
 Full many a pale Ophelia with her doom  
 Struggling in vain, in wordless agony.  
 Ah, if you had a Chaucer's eye to see !  
 How many a meek Griselda round us bears,  
 With uncomplaining misery of heart,  
*The load her nature was not fashioned for !*

Why, if I were a poet, I could tell  
A tale of every-day unvarnish'd life,  
That should upon the common heart of all  
Knock, and bring tears for answer. In our place,  
A quiet village in the heart of Kent,  
There lived two families well known to all ;  
For, through the country, not the oldest man  
Could tell the time when first to settle there  
The earliest of the Blakes or Hills had come.  
There had they, in their two white cottages,  
Father and son, dwelt on beyond the reach  
Of even our oldest memories ; the boy  
Growing into labour as the aged man  
Grew out of it and laid him down to rest.  
A widower long, Nathaniel Blake was now  
Not old, but yet some half score years beyond  
The point where life slopes downwards, at the time  
My tale begins. How plain I see him now  
As if he were before me, tall and stern,  
With a firm step and an unbending gait,  
Though toiling years had touch'd his hair to gray ;  
His eye—'twas like a hawk's, as sharp and bright,  
An eye that few amongst us cared to meet,  
Even in its friendly greetings, so it seem'd  
To look the man it gazed on through and through.  
'Twas said by those who knew him in his youth  
That none then show'd an eye or laugh'd a laugh  
More brimming over with a light heart's mirth  
Than he ; his tongue dropp'd jokes and moving jests  
On all he met with ; so he moved, a sun,  
To all our neighbourhood ; with him gladness came,  
And often quoted sayings—harmless mirth,  
A very wealth of laughs remain'd behind.  
These were his boyish days ; but manhood came,  
And with it, all the usual cares of life,  
And many most men know not ; he was tried,  
They say, most sorely ; surety for a friend  
His trusting kindness could not refuse,  
*He lost the little wealth his father left,*  
*And sank at once almost to beggary ;*

He struggled hard with fortune, though his life  
At times was harder than he well could bear ;  
Through want of needful comforts, want of friends,  
Of even bread itself, he struggled on.  
The first pale streak of daylight call'd him out  
To labour, and night found him still at work.  
He struggled manfully, and well, at length  
He fought his way right up with his own arm  
To needful comfort, if not competence ;  
But, in this sore-fought fight with fate, he lost  
All the light-hearted buoyancy of youth,  
Its laughs and playful mockeries ; in their stead,  
Men saw a settled calm, that, if not stern,  
Was cold and distant far from his old mirth.  
His words were few, and as we could but know,  
Even in his very kindest moments, cold,  
Though it was said his heart beat warm beneath.  
This was his common temper ; but when roused,  
'Twas shown how much the world had soured its tone ;  
His language then was harsh to one and all,  
Even to those who knew he loved them most.  
He brook'd not opposition ; argument  
Would lash him into fury that would threat  
To root the best affections from his heart  
And fling them by, the victims of his will.  
One only child, a daughter, bless'd his home.  
Now, at the time I speak of, she had grown  
Into fair womanhood, but neither plain  
Nor very lovely could she well be call'd,  
But rather she was neither in extreme,  
Excepting when she smiled, and then but few  
Could say that Mary was not sweeter far,  
And better worthy note and praise than some  
Who took the eye more when her smile was gone.  
'Twas a sweet smile—so full of human love,  
Of gentle tenderness and kindly heart,  
Of meek and self-denying charity ;  
It doubly bless'd her giving to the poor  
When weigh'd against the stooping-down disdain  
*That fell with larger doles from other hands ;*

She won on all that knew her, so that none,  
I'm bold to say, amongst us, harbour'd one  
Ungentle thought towards sweet Mary Blake.  
The very outcasts of the village, those  
Who lived the butts of every other's scorn,  
Receiving gentle services from her,  
Still felt they were not sever'd from their kind,  
And, feeling it, grew worthier; so they sought,  
As pleasures to be prized, to do her will,  
And run her little errands through the place;  
The very chickens of our village green  
Flock'd round her footsteps for her gracious gifts,  
And cats would try to nestle in her lap,  
And bleating lambs thrust noses in her hand,  
To find the bread they seldom sought in vain.  
You knew her window that the jessamine  
And honeysuckle hung with draperies rare,  
By the brown sparrows on the garden trees,  
That hopp'd and twitter'd, perked their knowing heads  
Or sharpen'd on the bark their tiny bills,  
In waiting for her morning shower of crumbs,  
That never was forgotten; the mazed bee  
That beat its wings against the sunny glass,  
And humm'd its longing to be out again,  
Her hand threw up the window for, and sent  
Through bed and border, noisy in her praise.  
I've seen her, twenty times, set free the fly  
From the fine meshes of the spider's web,  
And do a thousand acts as full of love,  
Towards the dumb brute creatures in her way.  
So she was loved by everything that lived;  
And, loved by strangers, I need hardly say,  
That she was dear as sunshine in her home;  
And, as she grew, grew tenfold in the love  
Of her stern father, and became his pride.  
When but a child, her prattling tongue had been  
The only thing that brought his own old laugh  
Back on the coldness of her father's face;  
*And, when she grew a girl, there hardly seem'd*  
*A thing that gave him such true, real delight.*

As anything he did that pleased her ;  
For her the thrift that all his long, hard strife  
With poverty had used him to, and made  
A natural habit of his life, until  
Those knowing not the virtues whence it sprung,  
Call'd Blake hard names, close-handed, and so forth,  
His thrift, I say, with her became a thing  
Forgotten, or, if thought of, beaten down  
By the still growing love he bore his child.  
So lived she, loving and beloved by all ;  
And, as years came and went, the prattling child  
Grew up into the girl ; the laughing girl  
Became the calmer woman. Now, perchance,  
You ask if such a heart, so form'd for love,  
Still treasur'd all its wealth of heart for home ?  
If her unsumm'd affection were confined  
To acts of sisterly regard for all ?  
Found she no one among our village youths  
To harbour some yet deeper feeling for ?  
I answer, Yes ; and so, I could be sworn,  
Young Edward Hill could then have answer'd too ;  
For playmates in their childhood they had been,  
Twin hunters of the hiding violet,  
Trippers together through the April lanes,  
To find the treasures of their earliest May.  
They, in the summers of their childish days,  
Would roam the bright, green meadows, hand in hand,  
And bring a very wealth of king-cups home,  
Of silver daisies and pale primroses ;  
There might you see them many a summer's day,  
Their sunny curls half-buried in the grass,  
With mighty heaps of field-flowers by their side,  
Sorting from all the ones they loved the best,  
And tossing with a pretty, sweet disdain,  
The lowliest of their gather'd hoards away ;  
I've watch'd them often, and a sweeter sight  
I dare believe the summer never saw.  
At shearing-time, together still you found  
The tiny playmates, running in and out  
*Among the thick-fleeced, shaggy, bleating sheep,*

And hiding from each other, oftener found  
By their own laughter, not to be kept down,  
Than anything besides ; still were they seen  
At hay-time, side by side, in the heap'd fields,  
Rolling among the new-mown swathes of grass,  
And happy to their very heart's content ;  
And when the last cart came in triumph home,  
Piled up to heaven with all its golden sheaves,  
Leaving but stubble for the seas of grain  
That dimpled in the dances of the wind,  
In the full corn-field—at our harvest-home,  
'Twas Mary Blake and little Edward Hill  
That rode together on old Dobbin too,  
Straddling, with little outstretch'd naked legs,  
Not easily across his broad old back,  
And laughing through the sunshine, not all blind,  
If I mistake not, to the many words  
Of admiration round them.

So they grew,  
And long the changing pleasures, hopes, and fears,  
The changing years brought with them, found the tw  
Sharing alike their laughter and their tears,  
True honest partners in the game of life,  
The gains and losses of their ripening hearts  
Dividing ; long the passage of each day,  
Changing so many, wrought no change in them.  
As the child loved, the boisterous boy loved on ;  
The youth, the boy's affection treasured up,  
With all the usury by the heart laid by  
To swell its sum with every season's growth.  
Ah, well I mind the scene when then a dance  
Together call'd our village neighbours round,  
To laugh away a frosty winter's night,  
And kill its quiet with their boisterous mirth.  
How noisy then were all ! how to its height,  
Enjoyment leapt, till all was merriment,  
And ceaseless motion, and unmeasured talk !  
How the cold hearts of aged folks beat fast  
*In the tumultuous laughter of the hour,*  
*And young again, and thoughtless of their years,*

Half thrust them off their soft old quiet seats,  
To join the happy dance they idly watch'd  
From the red blaze of the huge piled-up fire,  
Whose crackling logs out-roared the very wind  
Without, and drown'd its voices in their own !  
In such a scene, when every heart was glad,  
And sadness, finding theirs no place for it,  
Went moaning off to wait for fitter time,  
You'd little need, if Mary Blake were there,  
To run your eye along the lusty line  
Of our young bachelors, a-tiptoe all,  
Waiting their turn to whirl their partners off,  
To tell if Edward Hill were there or no ;  
For, in her absence, in her vacant gaze,  
That, though it looked on all the scene around,  
Seem'd not to see it, straying somewhere else,  
In the neglect her partner's questions met,  
That, steeped in rustic flattery to the full,  
Yet for a moment, honied as they were,  
Drew not a word of notice, till at last  
Their recollection woke upon her mind,  
And brought some sudden answer, short reply,  
Some single word, a hurried " Yes," or " No,"  
Which said, the blush that just had stain'd her cheek  
With sweet confession of her short neglect  
Died off again and left her as before—  
In all these things, to those who chose to mark  
Their presence, lay the words, " He is not here,"  
And round for Edward you might look in vain.  
But O how different was the look she wore  
When he was present ! Lip and eye and cheek  
And the full rush of her young glad heart's mirth  
Let loose to pour its treasures on the sight,  
And dance and wanton in the eye of night,  
Why all and each a hundred answers gave  
To tell to every one that he was there,  
There, there, her partner, facing in the dance,  
An Easter sun among the lesser lights  
That, sparkle as they might to others' eyes,  
*By him were dim and lustreless to her.*



These were their childish days : but little change  
Their youth found in them, save that, it may be.  
Edward found pleasure in far more pursuits  
That were not shared by her than when a boy.  
His dog—a gun—a horse—a hundred things  
Had power to draw him from her gentle side,  
And to divide his thoughts and hopes with her;  
Hence did it happen that whole days would come  
And go, without his entering once their door,  
While Mary moved like sunlight, sadden'd through  
The weeping clouds of April, through the house,  
With looks that spoke his absence, which her talk  
Dwelt not upon, though now and then a word  
Would drop by chance, or, it may be, a sigh  
Would tell too well the current of her thoughts,  
And how her heart was brooding over him.  
But then he came; the April clouds were gone,  
With all their twilight showers, that seemed to serve,  
Now they were gone, to render but more bright  
The bursting splendour of the cloudless day  
In the deep joy of sunshine, flooding all,  
Till very sadness brighten'd in its touch  
And sparkled into gladness in the light.

There are some natures in this world of ours  
That walk the earth with spirits wing'd for heaven,  
So meek, so wholly strange to selfish thoughts,  
That injuries in them wake no sense of wrong.  
You might as soon to fierceness stir the lamb,  
Or from the soak'd fleece strike the granite's fire,  
As draw a spark from gentleness like theirs;  
Heap on them ills on ills so numberless  
That patience hardly could the load endure,  
And, like the o'erladen camel, they shall sink,  
But never murmur. Gentle souls like these  
Do move among us, and of such was she.  
Hence she of Edward's absence took no note  
As of a thing to marvel at or blame;  
*One meek strong love her being so possess'd.*  
*Such sense absorbing of her low desert,*

at she had bought him smiles with weary tears,  
 th heaviest sobs had told her days away,  
 lighten his, nor dreamed he owed one thought,  
 a poor, short, passing memory to her ;  
 love she never took as gift for gift,  
 ection for affection, thought for thought,  
 as man takes the charities of heaven,  
 bounteous blessings, rain'd without a claim  
 our unworthiness, and fitly own'd  
 h praise and lowliness and humble joy.  
 so her father. Mary long had grown  
 vant so needful to his widow'd home  
 t, stinted of her presence, his old years  
 l been as peaches hidden from the sun,  
 k'd, not for mellow ripeness, but decay.  
 thought had he, long after years had borne  
 childhood from her, of a coming time  
 en his old ears for her accustom'd foot  
 uld listen vainly, and his aged eyes  
 more would lose their dimness, following her.  
 l, when at last, time show'd the truth it hid,  
 bitterness of his old life came back,  
 dening yet more his nature, hard before.  
 unge it had been if Edward, bleakening thus  
 winter the mild autumn of his days,  
 l found that favour in the father's sight  
 t met him in the daughter's ; natural 'twas  
 want of him should, in the old man's eyes,  
 dearer than the presence ; so you'd guess,  
 l so, at last, we plainly saw it was ;  
 all of this was felt far more than said,  
 , though his tongue familiar was with words  
 rder and harsher than the thoughts they spoke,  
 l though his speech could little brook a curb  
 the straight utterance that its purpose told,  
 for the doting love he bore his child,  
 l, if I err not, it may be, perchance,  
 m something of old fondness for the boy,  
 ke ever stay'd the quick, harsh words, that rose  
*Edward's coming*, and had, utter'd, bid

The youth to never cross his threshold more.  
And so the change towards him show'd itself  
In alter'd tones, and want of the old smile,  
And hearty joke, and greeting when they met,  
More than in open speech ; and still the house  
That had, through happy years, been to the boy  
Another home, to him remain'd the same  
In all but in its altered owner's looks,  
And lack of cordial welcome, when he came ;  
And so it had remain'd, but for an act,  
The very turning-point of this sad tale,  
That brought a crisis in poor Mary's fate,  
And gave the old man's smother'd passion vent.

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Now cursèd be the tyrant laws that set  
The worth of game above the good of men,  
That for the matter of a wild bird, crowd  
Our loathsome prisons with the pride and youth  
Of all our villages, and turn to shame,  
To vagrancy, and crime, lives that had else  
Borne to their country fruit of worthy deeds,  
Of honest industry and useful toil ;  
Bootless it were to try to prove to such  
That God's wild creatures, fresh from out his hands,  
Are but for luxuries for the favour'd few,  
And never meant to be a joy to all.  
The man that from a plain and open theft  
Would start in horror—ay, would turn to starve,  
Will see, in this, no act of shame or wrong,  
While even the daring that the crime demands  
Adds a wild pleasure to the poacher's life.  
Around our village lay wide-spread preserves,  
Own'd by the reverend guider of our souls,  
And by our squire, both dealers out of law,  
Both deeply sworn to put all poachers down ;  
Adjudging their own wrongs, their vengeance wrung  
*Its sternest reading from the vengeful law ;*  
*And many a felon at the gallows' foot*

Could trace up his career of crime to them—  
An honest labourer, ere their sentence thrust  
Him nameless out to herd with desperate crime.  
Now Edward poach'd, as all his fellows did,  
And, bold and daring, laugh'd to scorn all fear,  
Till, mark'd and watch'd, on one September night,  
The keepers came upon him ; overpower'd,  
He fronted justice, a convicted man.  
What boots it to repeat a common tale,  
How, fair in fame, before the jail he trod,  
He blasted left it, poor in honest hopes,  
And rich in promise of despair and crime !  
Ah ! I remember, as 'twere yesterday,  
That bright September morning when I call'd  
At neighbour Blake's, and learn'd the bitter truth  
From weeping Mary, while, through sobs that burst,  
Convulsions of her being, rose, in words  
As broken as the heart that utter'd them,  
Her father's stern command that never more  
Should Edward's name be spoken in their home,  
That never more, if she held dear his love,  
Should word of Edward Hill be heard by her.  
Well might her tears be rain'd like wintry hail,  
Her sobs came thick and fast as Autumn's own !  
Often, thank God ! the madnesses of wrath  
The kindly sense of memory will not hear,  
And time forgets them ; but who knew him best  
Knew well, let who would carve resolves in air,  
Her father's sunk in marble, hard as life,  
By time less worn than deepen'd ; therefore, well  
Did Mary see how misery bade her weigh  
Loss against loss, and treasured love with love,  
A father's blessing with a husband's faith,  
Each won with agony of such a want  
As beggar'd all to come of perfect joy,  
And dimm'd the future's dearest smiles with tears.  
There stood she ; and, through blinding mists of grief,  
Saw life depart from father, comfort, home,  
All early fondnesses and old respects,  
*Or, through all after-being, take its way*

Afar from hope, youth's fondest dreams and love;  
O dull in heart is he who, ask'd her choice,  
Ponder'd to tell; need have I to repeat  
How love, in its great passion, trod o'er fear,  
And prostrate joy and duty, to its end?  
The feeblest, in its mighty strength, are strong,  
And fears are reckless in its hardihood.  
So she quail'd not to look with steady eye  
On partnership in shame and blacken'd name,  
In chance of penury, and dread of want,  
And misery, scorn'd of pity and relief;  
Beyond them look'd her eye, to where love stood,  
And all between was as she saw it not.  
She left her home; she left her father's sight,  
Dogg'd with his curse, to share a felon's fate;  
For joy and sorrow, she became a wife;  
And time stole on, until their names became  
But as the remnants of a half-told tale,  
That rose with pity and conjecture sad,  
When the eye fell upon her father, now  
A childless, broken, solitary man,  
More worn with stern and tearless strife with grief.  
And silent agony of heart, than years;  
Never her name was known to pass his lips,  
But all who look'd upon him, saw his love,  
Laughing to scorn his will, dared hoard it still;  
Long afterwards it was, before we knew  
How, spite of all, his stern old purpose held;  
Little we guess'd that his firm heart had brook'd  
To hear his dear, dear girl—his darling child—  
His Mary beg, in bitterest want, of him,  
Closing all ear of pity to her prayer;  
Yes, she had written—written in despair—  
In want of bread had written. First, it seem'd,  
Turning their steps towards London, Edward hoped,  
Flying the knowledge of his guilt, to gain  
Honest employ, that so long diligence  
And upright years again might make his name  
A *thing* to utter with no sound of shame;  
Of yet calm days hope babbled; but, alas!

Hope is no constant prophet of the truth.  
Who once has breathed of prison air, henceforth  
Loathed of his fellows, walks a tainted man ;  
To him all paths of good are ever closed,  
All ways to crime unbarr'd and open wide.  
Dogg'd with a felon's name, he sought for work,  
And sought it vainly ; month on month went by,  
Lowering their slender stock of means and hope,  
Till front to front with utter want they stood ;  
Then Mary wrote ; she told of faults atoned  
In hunger, disappointment and despair,  
A future—fear ; a present—misery.  
Came there no answer ? Yes ; “ Come back,” it said,  
“ Leave you your husband, daughter, and return !  
“ My home is yours, but it is none for him,  
“ And all shall be forgotten ; else henceforth  
“ Know not your father, girl !” Tears drown'd the note,  
And nevermore from her the old man heard.  
But let me hasten ; for a time again  
All trace of them we lost, save that there came,  
I know not how, a rumour to our ears,  
That Edward, urged of want, to evil ways  
Had turn'd, a drunkard and a ruin'd man,  
Familiar with all modes of crime and sin ;  
And often, round our evening cottage fire,  
Our thoughts would be of Mary, and our talk  
Shape darkest fancies of her state of life,  
Her sufferings and her sorrows. Well we knew,  
Bred in the strictness of a pious youth,  
Much had she changed, if guilt and vice to her  
Had grown familiar, and conjecture closed,  
Almost with hope's half prayer, that, ere this,  
Within the quiet of the grave she lay,  
Where grief is not and weariness hath rest ;  
Alas ! alas ! how otherwise it was !  
O Power Supreme ! thy ways are hard to man,  
And faith alone has strength to read them right,  
Good out of suffering brought—from evil, good.  
Business to London call'd me, when, it chanced,  
*Running my eye across the morning's Times,*

What should it light on but poor Mary's name,  
Prologue to such a bitter tale of wrong  
As memory yet companions with quick tears.  
It seems that Edward, bitter with despair,  
Turn'd on the cold hard world that on him trod,  
And headlong threw him down the depths of crime,  
Till he had fathom'd, ere yet well a man,  
The last abysses of all guilt and sin ;  
Herdling with vilest lives and shameless ill,  
His being shaped itself on all around,  
Till he, in will and inward impulse, moved  
A thing his sinless soul had shudder'd from.  
Oaths, desperate as his days, were words with him,  
And, hour on hour, the hellish fire of drink  
Raged in his brain and burnt along his blood,  
Fled of remorse, of meekness and of good,  
Till love, their fellow, desolate and lone,  
Last lingerer, with slow steps and turn'd eyes, pass'd.  
Leaving to savage thoughts and brutal deeds  
The unholy life that it no longer stirred  
To acts and words that had some touch of heaven.  
And Mary, how bore she the spites of fate ?  
Lower'd she to his level, day by day,  
Soiling the spotless whiteness of her soul,  
Dragg'd down by love's own strength from purity ?  
Or kept she still her sinlessness of youth,  
Girt in from ill with childhood's Sabbath ways,  
Its infant piety and holy prayers ?  
The closing horror of her hapless fate  
No utterance gave distinctly, yet led on  
The following thought, by glimpse and broken hint,  
To all but surety that her latter life  
Held swerveless on its early blameless way,  
Till murder with strange horror strode her path,  
And, even for her pureness, smote her down.  
'Twas known the law's grasp, closing upon him,  
Had never laid its wrathful hand on her,  
And, in the night of blood to which I tend,  
*The dwellers in the house, before her shriek,*  
*Caught threats and curses and disjointed words,*

'one urging to some deed of sin  
 her vainly, while prayers, pray'd in vain  
 ary, gave refusal to his will ;  
 came fierce bursts of wrath, and then a shriek,  
 heavy feet that fled along the stairs ;  
 as they rush'd towards the sight of death,  
 ting glance of him proclaim'd them his ;  
 the bare room's bloody floor she lay,  
 it that to the flying murderer's eyes  
 d have been madness ; he had struck her down,  
 hey who found her in her senseless form  
 ttle life ; even while I shuddering read,  
 n a hospital she dying lay,  
 n a prison, he. No time I lost,  
 by strong interest in her hapless fate ;  
 ste I went, and, as a well-known friend,  
 my request to see her. I had come  
 opportunely, for, the by-gone night,  
 a weary strife of sense with death,  
 or a moment won ; that morning, Sir,  
 d was order'd for the solemn act  
 : accusal of her murderer ;  
 hough life with a fitful brightness shone,  
 : a farewell flicker ere it sank,  
 w. O Sir, O Sir, it was a thing  
 od the eyes with sorrow for a life,  
 nd, as I did, by her dying bed,  
 ng upon the wreck that lay below.  
 hing ! poor thing ! through what a thorny track  
 ony and sickness of the heart  
 she have wander'd ere she sank to this ;  
 anged from her old times of joy and smiles,  
 memory hardly on her face could find  
 eature of its knowing ; worn and thin,  
 an unnatural lustre of the eyes,  
 gh which, with ghostly fire, the parting soul  
 l through its mortal dwelling on the world,  
 y, with pinch'd sharp features, whiter than  
 hastily bandages around them bound,  
 ps that, moving, utter'd not a sound,



As though the spirit communed with itself ;  
Her eyes met mine, and once the old sweet smile  
A moment trembled on her hollow cheek,  
And a weak shadow of her happy self  
Stole back a fleeting moment and was gone ;  
She named my name, and would have spoken ; alas !  
A coming tread had fix'd her eager eye  
And struck all else into one utter blank,  
In which the world, all circumstance and time,  
Were blotted out and nothing. O'er her face  
The ghastly memory of that fearful night  
Shudder'd, and in her sight her murderer stood.  
No, not the Edward of her girlish love,—  
No, not the husband of her woman's faith,—  
He stood before her, one whose sullen front  
Was reckless sin ; half master of its dread,  
To hers his fearful eye stole struggling up,  
But, daring not the accusal of her look,  
Fell from the depth of love within her gaze,  
That love that trembled through her faltering words,  
" Edward, my Edward—I accuse you ? I ? .  
" O gentlemen, he could not—'twas not he—  
" A dream—a shuddering dream—it's all forgot.  
" O husband, kiss me—kiss me once again,  
" Your own fond wife—and, Edward, when I'm gone,  
" Husband—my husband, think of me but as  
" That Mary, she that smiled your heart away  
" In the old years—that loved you to the last,  
" O Edward, Edward, how, no words can say."

Upon her pillow back she sank, her eyes  
Shut in exhaustion ; but about her lips  
Wander'd the blessedness of such a smile  
As gladden'd with its joy the songs of heaven,  
A smile that told of injuries forgiven,  
And all of earth but peace and love forgot ;  
A moment more, that glory on her lips,  
Without a sound, she pass'd to find that rest  
*The weary find within the quiet grave.*

there's a tale that by our Mitford told,  
 Wordsworth, or in the haunting music sung  
 n who wrote of Dora, should have power  
 eign eternal o'er the hearts of men,  
 ed unto the sweetest tears of time.  
 udy them, and see how life is life,  
 e of clothings, customs, forms and creeds,  
 s that see, as theirs, our nature bare.  
 me, the heart still throbs and breaks the same,  
 s with the laugh and lives the very life  
 the ages. Go—go—study them!

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### THE BOAT-RACE.

te, win the cup, and you shall have my girl.  
 n it, Ned; and you shall win it too,  
 ait a twelvemonth. Books—for ever books!  
 ing but talk of poets and their rhymes!  
 ave you, boy, a man, with thews and strength  
 reast the world with, and to cleave your way,  
 audlin dreamer, that will need her care,  
 eeding yours. There—there—I love you, Ned,  
 for your own, and for your mother's sake;  
 in our boat-race, and the cup, next month,  
 you shall have her." With a broad, loud laugh,  
 r triumph at his rare conceit,  
 t the subject; and, across the wine,  
 ked,—or rather, all the talk was his,—  
 best oarsmen that his youth had known,  
 f his set, and others—Clare, the boast  
 us',—and young Edmonds, he who fell,  
 ng the ranks at Lucknow; and, to-day,  
 was young Chester might be named with them;  
 , boy, I'm told his room is lit with cups  
 by his sculls. Ned, if he rows, he wins;  
 l chance for you, boy!" And again his laugh,  
 ts broad thunder, turn'd my thoughts to gall;  
 t I mask'd my humour with a mirth  
 d on his; and, feigning haste, I went,

But left not. Through the garden porch I turned,  
But, on its sun-fleck'd seats, its jessamine shades  
Trembled on no one. Down the garden's paths  
Wander'd my eye, in rapid quest of one  
Sweeter than all its roses, and across  
Its gleaming lilies and its azure bells,  
There, in the orchard's greenness, down beyond  
Its sweetbriar hedge-row, found her—found her there,  
A summer blossom that the peering sun  
Peep'd at through blossoms,—that the summer airs  
Waver'd down blossoms on, and amorous gold,  
Warm as that rain'd on Danaë. With a step,  
Soft as the sun-light, down the pebbled path  
I pass'd; and, ere her eye could cease to count  
The orchard daisies, in some summer mood  
Dreaming, (was I her thought?) my murmur'd “Kate”  
Shock'd up the tell-tale roses to her cheek,  
And lit her eyes with starry lights of love  
That dimm'd the daylight. Then I told her all,  
And told her that her father's jovial jest  
Should make her mine, and kiss'd her sunlit tears  
Away, and all her little trembling doubts,  
Until hope won her heart to happy dreams,  
And all the future smiled with happy love.  
Nor, till the still moon, in the purpling east  
Gleam'd through the twilight, did we stay our talk,  
Or part, with kisses, looks, and whisper'd words  
Remember'd for a lifetime. Home I went,  
And in my College rooms what blissful hopes  
Were mine!—what thoughts, that still'd to happy dream  
Where Kate, the fadeless summer of my life,  
Made my years Eden, and lit up my home,  
(The ivied rectory my sleep made mine),  
With little faces, and the gleams of curls,  
And baby crows, and voices twin to hers.  
O happy night! O more than happy dreams!  
But with the earliest twitter from the eaves,  
I rose, and, in an hour, at Clifford's yard,  
*As if but boating were the crown of life,*  
*Forgetting Tennyson, and books, and rhymes,*

Even my new tragedy upon the stocks,  
I throng'd my brain with talks of lines and curves,  
And all that makes a wherry sure to win,  
And furbish'd up the knowledge that I had,  
Ere study put my boyhood's feats away,  
And made me book-worm ; all that day, my hand  
Grew more and more familiar with the oar,  
And won by slow degrees, as reach by reach  
Of the green river lengthen'd on my sight,  
Its by-laid cunning back ; so, day by day,  
From when dawn touch'd our elm-tops, till the moon  
Gleam'd through the slumbrous leafage of our lawns,  
I flash'd the flowing Isis from my oars  
And dream'd of triumph and the prize to come,  
And breathed myself, in sport, one after one,  
Against the men with whom I was to row,  
Until I fear'd but Chester—him alone.  
So June stole on to July, sun by sun,  
And the day came ; how well I mind that day !  
Glorious with summer, not a cloud abroad  
To dim the golden greenness of the fields,  
And all a happy hush about the earth,  
And not a hum to stir the drowsing noon,  
Save where along the peopled towing-paths,  
Banking the river, swarm'd the city out,  
Loud of the contest, bright as humming-birds,  
Two winding rainbows by the river's brinks,  
That flush'd with boats and barges, silken-awn'd,  
Shading the fluttering beauties of our balls,  
Our College toasts, and gay with jest and laugh,  
Bright as their champagne. One, among them all,  
My eye saw only ; one, that morning, left  
With smiles that hid the terrors of my heart,  
And spoke of certain hope, and mock'd at fears—  
One, that upon my neck had parting hung  
Arms white as daisies—on my bosom hid  
A tearful face that sobb'd against my heart,  
Fill'd with what fondness ! yearning with what love !  
O hope, and would the glad day make her mine !  
*O hope, was hope a prophet, truth alone ?*

There was a murmur in my heart of "Yes,"  
That sung to slumber every wakening fear  
That still would stir and shake me with its dread.  
And now a hush was on the wavering crowd  
That sway'd along the river, reach by reach,  
A grassy mile, to where we were to turn—  
A barge moor'd mid-stream, flush'd with fluttering flags.  
And we were ranged, and, at the gun, we went,  
As in a horse-race, all, at first, a-crowd;  
Then, thinning slowly, one by one dropt off,  
Till, rounding the moor'd mark, Chester and I  
Left the last lingerer with us lengths astern,  
The victory hopeless. Then I knew the strife  
Was come, and hoped 'gainst fear, and, oar to oar,  
Strained to the work before me. Head to head  
Through the wild-cheering river-banks we clove  
The swarming waters, raining streams of toil;  
But Chester gain'd, so much his tutor'd strength  
Held on, enduring,—mine still waning more,  
And parting with the victory, inch by inch,  
Yet straining on, as if I strove with death,  
Until I groan'd with anguish. Chester heard,  
And turn'd a wondering face upon me quick,  
And toss'd a laugh across, with jesting words:  
"What, Ned, my boy, and do you take it so?  
"The cup's not worth the moaning of a man,  
"No, nor the triumph. Tush! boy, I *must* win."  
Then from the anguish of my heart a cry  
Burst: "Kate, O dearest Kate—O love—we lose!"  
"Ah! I've a Kate, too, here to see me win,"  
He answered: "Faith! my boy, I pity you."  
"Oh, if you lose," I answered, "you but lose  
"A week's wild triumph, and its praise and pride;  
"I, losing, lose what priceless years of joy!  
"Perchance a life's whole sum of happiness—  
"What years with her that I might call my wife!  
"Winning, I win her!" O thrice noble heart!  
I saw the mocking laugh fade from his face;  
*I saw a nobler light light up his eyes;*  
*I saw the flush of pride die into one*

Of manly tenderness and sharp resolve ;  
No word he spoke ; one only look he threw,  
That told me all ; and, ere my heart could leap  
In prayers and blessings rain'd upon his name,  
I was before him, through the tracking eyes  
Of following thousands, heading to the goal,  
The shouting goal, that hurl'd my conquering name  
Miles wide in triumph, " Chester foil'd at last !"   
O how I turn'd to him ! with what a heart !  
Unheard the shouts—unseen the crowding gaze  
That ring'd us. How I wrung his answering hand  
With grasps that bless'd him, and with flush that told  
I shamed to hear my name more loud than his,  
And spurn'd its triumph. So I won my wife,  
My own dear wife ; and so I won a friend,  
Chester, more dear than all but only her  
And these, the small ones of my College dreams.

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## PYGMALION.

How the white vision shaped it in my thought,  
How shall I tell ! how in my nightly dreams  
I knew its presence, though I saw it not,  
In solitude—in cities—'mid the hush  
Of forests—'mid the throng and crush of men,  
With untold longings, thirsting more and more,  
Yea, hungering for its beauty ! how with time  
I wrestled for that prize, yet won it not !  
How even to agony my soul was wrought,  
To tears and frenzy, yet I won it not !  
I felt its glory flooding through my soul—  
The chaos that should bring this wonder forth  
I brooded o'er—how long ! how long in vain,  
Watching and waiting ere its beauty came !  
Faint as a rainbow first it wander'd forth ;  
Misty and vanishing it met my gaze,  
Nor came, nor went, the creature of my will.  
*Yet seems it not with gradual growth it grew,*

But in one golden moment leapt to light.  
O thrice-blest hour that bore her ! In a breath  
The veil was rent, and lo ! before my gaze,  
My thought's rapt gaze, that worshipped as it saw,  
She stood ; and was it given to me to fix  
Its haunting shape before my actual sense,  
Giving mine eyes its beauty ? Then I took  
Marble, and wrought, and wrought, how long in vain !  
Leaving the marble, marble, and not life.  
O blessed Gods ! yet knowing not despair ;  
O blessed Gods ! still grasping flying hope ;  
And one by one, I wrought her beauties forth,  
Clearing white brow, and breast, and lustrous smile,  
From gross embraces of the entombing stone,  
Till at the last, in still perfection, stood  
The white sweet wonder, silent in the sun ;  
Silent, and yet how tuneful with sweet speech,  
Utterance divine, that from the listening soul  
Drew echoes, though the dull ear heard it not !  
And ever, as the summer breeze lays hand  
Upon the harp, and shakes its music forth  
In passionate sobs, and swells, and dying falls,  
So through me did that mystic spirit pass,  
Till all my being vibrated with love,  
And all my heart's hopes flutter'd round that stone,  
And my days wail'd unto it, white and cold,  
Silent and wordless, for a mortal love,  
Ever, with passionate moanings, for sweet love,  
Till life grew to one thought—one throbbing hope,  
And the great Gods heard but this prayer in heaven :  
“ O let her live, and my blest knees shall grow  
“ Unto your altar-steps in thankfulness !  
“ But let her live, and all my life shall be  
“ One sacrifice—thick incense steaming up  
“ Unto your footstools ! not with empty breath,  
“ O awful Gods ! ye know, I pour this prayer !  
“ I cry, even as the blinded cry for light,  
“ Even as wild mothers, in a slaughter'd town,  
“ *Shriek* o'er their babes for mercy ! Spurn me not,  
“ *Dread* powers, within whose lips are fearful joys,

Are bliss unutterable—despair, and death !  
Ye crown'd eternities, whose will is fate,  
Ye, sitting in your high Olympian halls,  
Know only bliss for ever—not as we,  
Shades of an hour, whose days are dark with death,  
That perish with the lapse of fleeting years.  
What is our life to your eternity ?  
What were it, though we sat on golden thrones,  
And lived the lives of heaven ? a passing dream.  
Have mercy, Gods ! I sought not for this life,  
This mortal capability of pain :  
Ye gave this air-drawn being to my frame,  
This hunger of the soul ye gave to me,  
Unasking. Gods ! from you, I took this thirst  
Of beauty, which, unquenched, what prayers were mine,  
But for forgetfulness—for peace and rest,  
Deep ease, sweet rest, within a peaceful urn !  
What were it, Gods, though ye should bid her live !  
O let her live ! What were it unto you  
To lift this cup of joy unto my lips ?  
O sweeter draught than ever Hebe bore !  
That I might drink and be even as a God,  
Knowing nor care nor sorrow of the earth,  
But only bliss—bliss for how brief a space,  
Ere Hades hold me, shade amid pale shades,  
Yet, spite of Lethe, wailing still for her,  
Ever for her—for her—alone for her !  
Why are ye deaf ? my prayer is in your ears  
In the still night—at rise and set of sun,  
And through the glaring watches of the day,  
Crying this cry for ever—let her live !  
Olympian ! throne above all thrones of Gods !  
Hear me ! for thou hast known this fire of love.  
This burning passion to be clasp'd of one :  
Panting to Danaë in a rain of gold ;  
Protean, in Amphitryon's bearded form,  
Quaffing deep raptures in Alcmena's arms.  
Did not Eurotas see thee as a swan  
Burn unto Leda ? Thou whom Semele  
*Saw a consuming splendour, hear thou—hear !*



" In dear remembrance of those fever'd hours  
" Of supermortal passion, make this shape  
" Perfect with motion and all gifts of sense,  
" Feeling, and thought, that I may know her love !  
" O thou, foam-born ! thou, whom the heavens have he  
" Wailing the lost Adonis ! unto thee  
" I turn, beseeching ! Goddess ! unto thee  
" This beating fever of the burning blood  
" Is worship, and pale passion's pains and tears  
" Thou view'st exultant ; therefore, Goddess, hear !  
" And I will worship thee—thee, only thee,  
" Grasping thy snowy altars evermore.  
" Lo ! a deep vow I vow thee ; hear my vow !  
" Give this white silence breathing to my arms,  
" And ever shall a chorus chant thy praise,  
" With solemn songs, within thy temple's bounds,  
" Heard of the heavens, and earth, and rounding sea ;  
" And, in the sunshine, Aphrodite, here,  
" Shall Cyprus bow before thy robeless self,  
" Perfect in marble, by my chisel wrought,  
" Fair as the blue waves saw thee, from the sea  
" Rising, the glory and desire of earth."  
So rose my prayer ere the cold morning glared  
Athwart the east, and when the last faint flush  
Of latest evening died from off the west,  
In the hot noon and through the hush of night ;  
And lo ! I cried not unto deafen'd ears  
Regardless. O my joy, sing forth their praise,  
And let thy thanks go up, even as my cry  
Pulsed from the inmost beatings of the heart !  
She lived ! she lived ! O life above all life  
Heaven-sent ! I gazed on life ; along her cheek  
Life flushed ; life beat within her bosom's swell,  
In quivering eyelid and in softening lip,  
In rosy limb and every violet vein.  
Gods ! what a soul dreamed from her dewy eyes !  
What life within the tendrils of her hair  
Awed me with joy—with joy, even as I gazed,  
*To stillness—but with joy—excess of joy !*  
*What could I do but gaze—but gaze and gaze,*

th fearful hope, beholding that fair dream?  
 athing to heaven, if it were but a dream,  
 might I dream for ever! But that fear  
 sh moment mingled more its night with light,  
 pe-drawn; joy whispered that I lived awake;  
 ake! O never slumber had such dream!  
 e sculptured creature of my hands was gone;  
 ew Pandora there before me stood.  
 ls! what a beauty sat upon her brow!  
 t the white glory on great Herè's own,  
 t laughing Hebe's whiter! O that smile—  
 e very smile that burns love into Gods  
 m Aphrodite's face! O glistening smile!  
 urst of sunlight on a darken'd world,  
 it smites its sobs to gladness! Lips as red  
 Hyacinthus' blood! Ye heavens! her words—  
 ney more sweet than ever Hybla hived,  
 u heard the Sirens seize Odysseus' ear  
 th Circe's breathings! Such a rounded arm  
 n Zeus to Maia! Tresses—nets of gold,  
 as lorn Ariadne's streaming hair  
 catch flush'd Dionusus! One such look—  
 r one I had laughed to outdare Alcides' self,  
 d beard swart Hades! Blessed gods! she lived,  
 d I had hearing but to drink her words;  
 ne eyes had vision but to feed on her.  
 ope—memory—thought—existence—from my brain  
 e smote the world—earth—heaven—and all but her,  
 ud joy and grief—life—death—and all but her!

## A CHARACTER.

## IN TWO SCENES.

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LINA MERTON ..... *A Creole.*  
 HELEN MERTON ..... *Her English Half-Sister.*  
 SIR VIVIAN MORDAUNT ..... *A Poet, engaged to Lina.*  
 NINETTE ..... *Companion to Lina.*

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## SCENE I.—ENGLAND.

*Night. — A Bed-Room.*

LINA and NINETTE.

LINA. You hear me, Ninette; not a word of this!

NINETTE. No, Madam.

LINA. If they ask you why I

So suddenly, and wish'd not one good-night,  
 Say—say—say anything: I'm reading—tired—  
 I'd try this dress on—I am nervous—vexed—  
 But not a word of this—this foolish fit.

NINETTE. No, Madam.

LINA. And—I dare say he'll not ask  
 But tell me if Sir Vivian ask, or not,  
 The reason of my leaving. Mind, I'm well.  
 Good night. (*A pause.*)

NINETTE. Ninette! yes, put my pearls away  
 Into their case. That's right. (*A pause.*)

And, stay! before  
 I sleep (I'll read a little), let me know  
 How long Sir Vivian stays. And—'tis a whim—  
 See if he talks much, Ninette—if he talks  
 To any one for long. 'Tis a mere whim,  
 A foolish fancy; but you'll let me know.  
 He has not gone?

NINETTE. No, Madam.

LINA. No?—why no?  
 You speak as if he stood here; I have left

An hour ; what makes him stay ? There's in your eyes  
A something that I'd hear straight out in words.  
Speak out ! I'd know why you are sure he's here.

NINETTE. Madam, I saw him, as you left the room

LINA. Speak to my sister—well ?

NINETTE. The casement's open ;  
A moment since I'm certain that I caught  
Their whispers on the terrace.

LINA. Whispers ! fool ?  
They talk—they talk aloud ; why should they whisper ?  
Then it is so ; at last, I am not blind.

NINETTE. Madam, I only said, I thought

LINA. Speak out ;  
I will know all.

NINETTE. All ? That is all—what

LINA. All ?  
Well—you may go ; good night ! Put by that book ;  
I will not read. The night is strangely hot ;  
Throw wide the casement. All ? You do not go !  
NINETTE. O Madam ! Madam ! will you let me speak ?

LINA. None of your pity—I've not fallen to that.  
Not to have seen it ! Slighted ! spurn'd ! cast off !  
And she—this sister—smiling in my face !  
I know your meaning : well, what would you say ?

NINETTE. O Madam, have some pity on your sister !  
I've known her from a girl, for we were girls  
together ; and her nature is as kind

as  
LINA. Mine is hard ?

NINETTE. Madam, I said not that.

LINA. You only look'd it. Well ?

NINETTE. She would not tread  
Upon a

LINA. Sister ? Ends the sentence so ?  
Girl, I'm no worm ; and let them have a care  
In what they tread ! The fiery South has fangs—  
I'm of the South—that, trodden on, you die.

NINETTE. O talk not so, my lady ! I have watch'd,  
huddering to think that it must come to this,  
this evil love from its first growth. Believe me,

Though you may blame, you well may pity her.  
 He is a thing of change ; as unstable  
 As the shifting wind ; one, weak—infirm of will—  
 Who veers with every fancy. You must know well  
 He cannot bind his purpose down to the act  
 His reason urges ; so his love for you,  
 Firm for some months, and therefore hot for change,  
 The rather that she was your opposite,  
 Flutter'd to her when she again was nigh,  
 Through struggling scruples, that I could but see.  
 And she, poor girl ! with tears and self-reproach,  
 Urged on by passion—caught by the very looks—  
 The very utterance that was dear to you

LINA. Enough of that : you'll spare to speak of me  
 Speak of this sister, and of her alone.

NINETTE. She

LINA. Stay ; I'll tell you what this meek one  
 All heart—all anything that I am not—  
 She, that will daintily set free a fly,  
 Balking the hungry spider, spite of God—  
 This petter of canaries and of pups—  
 She, knowing this Sir Vivian sworn to me,  
 With virtuous reluctance—sweetest ruth,  
 A thousand things are plain—I see them now—  
 Took pains to snare him ; will she hold him too ?  
 And did her best to break her sister's heart ;  
 Though perhaps she guessed my heart was not quite so  
 As novels deal with.

But, too much of this ;  
 The curtain rose so quickly for their play,  
 I've been more wordy much than is my wont.  
 But you've too milky blood—too little fire—  
 To chat my secrets ; you've a wholesome fear,  
 Seeing me more thoroughly for what I am,  
 Than most ; though little do I wear a mask,  
 And little do I care how much you've heard.  
 Yet see you talk not ; you'd not earn my hate.  
 I've only said what, curse her ! all must see—  
*Will see—do see.* O stone-blind dolt ! ere this,  
*Had I had natural eyes—you saw it plain—*

had—when I forget it, bless her, Heaven !  
 ot set a step—look'd in a face—not breathed  
 t home—out—anywhere, but the meanest groom  
 at ever crouched to the dust I trod, my scorn,  
 l seen, had met me with his sneering pity,  
 oking to see me thankful for his alms,  
 is charitable doles, of “poor” and “poor,”  
 ; if I were a beggar at the gate,  
 hining for scraps ! And I'm to love her still ?

NINETTE. O Madam !

LINA. Off ! why should I talk and talk,  
 ; if I were a school-girl, novel-bit ?  
 ), now ; but as the play will be played out,  
 id all our sex since Eve have been the same,  
 rious to learn whatever's from them hid,  
 l know, Ninette, whate'er your sharp eyes see.  
 ur think I'll wince to hear of what their love  
 ast grow with—sugar'd words, and mingling sighs,  
 id secret meetings—secret—mark you that !  
 scare them, trust me ! always in their thoughts !  
 it tell me all—tones—whispers—looks and smiles.  
 know her Vivian's well. Fear not for me !  
 e spasm pass'd for good that shook me first ;  
 id for the future you'll but see myself,  
 ) whimperer, but just one with curious eye  
 erhaps a bitter one—by nature that),  
 ho'll see each act through ; just Faust's ancient friend  
 ach in his spirit—eyeing all their plans  
 , fashion to my taste this strange surprise  
 ey quake to show me. We'll enjoy it, girl,  
 id study gentle spirits' gentle ways  
 eek Walton's gentle hooking through his frog  
 ; though he loved him), reading for our jest  
 other leaf from nature's puzzling book,  
 id marvelling, in their case, what ending time  
 ill give their story ; tragic-wise, you know,  
 me plots do end with sorrows and with death,  
 t closing pleasantly as others do,  
 l tangles straighten'd, and all wrongs forgot,  
 th marriage, comfort, and a world of sweets.

"What will be, will be," so the proverb runs;  
Time hides and shows much; Ninette, we shall see.

NINETTE. I knew—I know 'twill have an evil end.  
What good could come of it? what end but ill?  
It must—it will

LINA. Nay, if you prophesy,  
A croaking raven, of revenge  
NINETTE. Revenge!

I never named it.

LINA. Well, of ill, then—ill  
To this sweet pair, their sister must not hear.  
Not one word more: Ninette, I said good-night.

NINETTE. O Madam!

LINA. Close the door. [*Exit NINETTE*]  
O God! she's gone,

And, for to-night, this mad self-mockery ends.  
I must be calm; I must be calm; there's fire  
Within my brain, but I must not go mad.  
What's "mad?" To act no purpose out—a reed,  
To bend to every gust that passion blows,  
And yet not act—act all that reason wills;  
That were a hell to shrink from. Let me think:  
He loves—he loves her—loves her! Let me say  
The words again. I speak them, and my ears  
Hear them. Loves her! They scarce have meaning yet;  
Loves her, not me. O Vivian, yesterday  
Through flowers and sunshine—now one bleak sharp tur  
To utter barrenness that cannot end,  
For ever—ever! O that burning tears  
Would rain this weight of sorrow from my brain,  
And let me think unfrenzied of this blow!  
Weep? weep and groan? I will not shed a tear,  
Not one—not one. May the fierce fire I feel  
Blast them. O—O that I were God, to turn  
Their every day to sorrow! God, to scorch  
Their hopes to blackness! God, to make their love  
A hatred and a loathing! Am I mad,  
To rave and babble? What are storms of words,  
*Unless, like the red hail that Egypt smote,*  
*They burnt and blister'd! O sweet sleep! sweet sleep!*  
*When shall I know the sleep of yesternight?*

## SCENE II.

*Morning.—A Library opening on to a Garden.*

LINA *alone.*

LINA. O how I thirst and hunger, face to face,  
To curse them ! not to have seen it ! not to have seen  
What all were loud of ! I to be made the jest  
Of all in the house, down to the very scullion,  
The kitchen's merriment—a moving joke—  
The jeer of the stables ! would that I could stab him !  
And be the rabble's wonder, days and weeks ?  
The news of papers, and the talk of taps—  
Closed with the rope and hangman ? Stab her ? why,  
That, if one weighs it, is but poor revenge,  
Perhaps a loss of that for which one seeks.  
No ; be not rash ; yet rein your passion in,  
Though it should choke you, till occasion shriek  
“ Loose it ! ”—then—then ? Why, here her Vivian comes  
I'll scare my Damon.

[*Enter VIVIAN MORDAUNT.*]

What you, Vivian, here ?

VIVIAN. Why, is it strange to see me ?

LINA.

But so soon

What miracles cannot that boy effect,  
The pigmy Cupid ! to have made you rise  
By this ! by nine ! nay, trust your eyes ! an hour,  
A whole full hour, before you saw the sun,  
Unsmitten ; then too, sir, your stay was late,  
Or I'm mistaken, so the marvel's more ;  
What brings you ? Why, the bees are hardly out,  
And larks alone and labourers yet abroad ;  
Come, tell me why you're here ?

VIVIAN.

Are you not here ?

LINA. How sweet a compliment ! most neatly turned.  
Ah ! there you poets distance others so !  
Still, there's this trifling drawback from the worth  
Of *all your flatteries*, you so deal in lies.



VIVIAN. I—lies?—Miss Merton?

LINA. O I crave your gra

Sir Vivian Mordaunt, Baronet, M.P.—

(Title for title)—if bare words affright,

We'll mask them; this one shall have dainty trim;

Your nerves being weak, we'll fit it for your sight,

And call it—fiction; that's poetic phrase.

Now, own you're false.

VIVIAN. As false as all my tribe.

LINA. No falser? Well, you're of a lying crew;  
I'd best have shunn'd you.

VIVIAN. [*Aside*]. Does she know the truth?  
Or only banter in her bitter vein?

[*Aloud*]. You'd best have shunned me? Why, your t  
is strange.

LINA. The world is strange, Sir Vivian. Men  
strange.

Life and its ways are stranger than I dream'd.

We live to learn strange wisdom.

VIVIAN. Come—you deal  
In riddles; I

LINA. Can guess them? can you? Do!  
Do!—Nay, where's Helen? Helen shall be here  
To praise your quickness; she might guess them, too.  
Ah, here she comes; she has a pleasant face;  
I know you love that it should bless your dreams.

[*Enter HELEN*].

Ah Helen, did you feel your ears a-fire?

I see your cheeks are burning; Vivian and

Were talking of you. Why, how quick you're pale,

But now a poppy! I but told you, sister,

We talked of you. What could we say but good?

I love you—don't I? Vivian, do not you?

You love my sister?

VIVIAN. Love?—your sister?—yes.

LINA. Why there you two stand, tongue-tied—red  
white,

*As if, poor children, you were girl and boy,  
And feared a scolding. What have you to fear?*

Come, have you written anything of late ?  
 What, poet, not a sonnet, good or bad ?  
 Hand me that purple volume from the shelf !  
 Not Tennyson—the next—a poet too—  
 The gentler Browning ; how I hoard them both !  
 You've read her masterpiece—her Geraldine ?  
 Her Duchess May—that has the antique ring ?  
 She's great, because she's earnest.

VIVIAN. True—her heart  
 Throbs through her sentences, and so they live.

LINA. Ah, here's a poem that is talked of much ;  
 You know it surely—Bertha in the Lane ?  
 What think you of it ? Sure you know it, sister ?  
 The tale's a wild one—not a jot from life—  
 It must be fancied. On her dying bed,  
 The elder of two sisters,—as 'twere I,  
 You listening, sobs into the younger's ears  
 The untold sorrow that had made her die,  
 Heart-broken—how, hedge-hidden, in the lane  
 That names the tale, her own betroth'd she heard  
 Wooing her sister—both so false to her ;  
 How she had locked this sorrow in her heart  
 From all but heaven, and in her tender love  
 For this false sister, she had made them one,  
 And died to bless them,—blessing them, content.  
 What think you of the story ? Vivian, you ?  
 Surely a touching one, with tenderest love,  
 And woman's noblest teachings over-brimm'd ;  
 One to fill eyes with purifying tears,  
 And leave all hearts but better'd ? Come,—I'd hear  
 A poet's judgment of a poet's tale ;  
 Mind, of the tale—the story ; for its form,  
 Spare our poor ears a talk of rhymes and rules  
 Obey'd or broken.

VIVIAN. Why, what can I say  
 But echo your opinion ? Who can praise  
 Enough the pen that such a wonder drew  
 Of angel meekness ? Who can

LINA. And you think  
*This patient sufferer was no puling fool*

To take her wrongs so lightly ? Do you so ?  
 What thinks our Helen ? Does she think so too ?  
 What not a word ? Why, it is but a tale  
 We talk of, sister—it is but a tale ;  
 There never was a sister was so false.  
 Nor ever yet a man, forsworn, so base  
 As to make a sister turn a sister's days  
 To bitterness. Have you a word for them ?

VIVIAN. O Lina, Lina, 'tis an erring world,  
 A world where all must suffer and forgive  
 Much—evil, call it—who would win to heaven.  
 And for this story that this poet tells,  
 Might there not, Lina, might there not be said  
 Something—a something even for those who erred ?  
 Say that a man who thinks he truly loves,  
 And in that thought has pledged his faith to one,  
 While yet he can change

LINA. While yet he can change ?  
 I thought you said his faith was pledged ?

VIVIAN. Yes—yes—  
 But not at the altar.

LINA. And what matters that ?  
 The whole earth is truth's altar. Palter not ;  
 There's not an instant but we front a God,  
 Here—everywhere. Think you—think you that heaven,  
 Heaven asks of where and when a lie is lied,  
 And holds speech nothing, spoken in the sight of God,  
 And for eternity, false—true or false—  
 As eternity shall teach each soul to learn ?  
 O palter not ; faith plighted 'neath a roof,  
 On some square feet, made holy by a priest,  
 Is not a whit more damning, being broke,  
 Than troth sworn freely elsewhere on God's earth,  
 That God has blessed and sanctified himself.  
 Go on.

VIVIAN. I did not say I did not blame

LINA. Blame ?

VIVIAN. Ay, condemn.

LINA. Condemn ?

VIVIAN. What should I ?

LINA. Loathe—hate—curse—curse such falseness—  
 foul in him,  
 But fouler in the sister, base of heart—  
 (Give me that water !) she that did not spurn him  
 At the first breath of his baseness, but could plot,  
 And plot, and plot, against a sister's heart,  
 Stealing the very thing that made life sweet,  
 Without which life were but a thirst for the grave,  
 And days but lived for vengeance. Curse them ! Curse  
 them !

HELEN. O Vivian—Vivian !

VIVIAN. Look ! your sister faints !

Helen—sweet Helen—drink, sweet Helen—Helen !  
 Sprinkle her forehead—Lina—Lina—mercy !

LINA. Mercy ? I ? Why it's but a poet's tale—  
 's't not—we talked of ? You excusing breach  
 Of oaths, and those who broke them—I but speaking  
 Even as my nature prompts me ;—I'm not one,  
 You know, for boudoir nicety of phrase—  
 And spoke, in natural words, what such a baseness  
 Would move me to—not being perfection quite,  
 And weakness, like this wonder in the song,  
 But a mere woman—flesh, and blood, and fire—  
 That, stung, will sting, and trodden on, will turn.  
 It moved her strangely, though. What could so move her ?  
 Well, here's Ninette, and, as I like not scenes,  
 'll to the sunshine, and henceforth take care  
 To criticize my favourites and their songs,  
 Seeing we treat them so as if they were truths,  
 By myself. *Au revoir !* see—she's coming to.

## IN PARIS.

'Tis a neat little garret *au sixième* ; cares  
 Don't trouble themselves to mount so many stairs.

So it's said by Béranger and others in song ;  
 Well, sometimes they're right perhaps, but sometimes  
*they're wrong.*

O quite of the people are sorrow and  
As soon as to palaces, here they'll come in.

St. Antoine's as dear to them—ay, just as dear  
As the gilded saloons of the Tuileries near.

In fact, though they home with the Emperor I grant,  
They just as soon hobnob with misery and want.

Here now, perhaps, to this still little home,  
With its bed in the corner, they've recently come.

Though you'd doubt it, to look at the two figures there,  
Who motionless sit with a strange vacant air.

Hand in hand, two quaint maskers, a girl and boy, young  
Too tired to undress, there themselves they have flung.

As they danced from to-night's ball, and yelled through the  
street,

Quainter masks in our Paris you'd not often meet.

He, a skeleton—she—here all whims are allowed—  
The semblance of death, in her straight-flowing shroud.

How still there and ghastly they sit, and how deep  
And terrible, one scarce knows why, is their sleep!

There they sit gay and blank-eyed and never they move  
Ah! if not mere slumber, but death it should prove!

How merrily through the mad dances they'd flown,  
As if they but lived for wild frolic alone!

But as they out-did even the wildest, they knew  
'Twas the last masked ball that their eyes would view.

He was a student—a milliner she;  
Three years or so since they met in a spree.

You know well our Paris—our quartier well;  
A student yourself once, its ways need I tell?

They struck up a friendship forthwith—Celestine  
And Auguste—and at night never separate were seen.

When his lectures were finished—her day's work was done,  
Their day then began, with the moon for their sun.

Then for living,—they didn't hold living the rest;  
Then only they lived when together and blessed.

And a student and grisette, you know, knowing such,  
To make them supremely blest never need much.

A few francs for a dinner and *vin ordinaire*,  
Then for pleasure and mad frolic just anywhere.

A roam round the Boulevards, quays, or lit streets,  
Where surely the eye something wonderful meets.

As a conjuror's marvels with cup and brass ball,  
Or five piled-up tumblers—a child high on all.

Even the streets are amusing—the crowds and the fops,  
The faces—the dresses—the cafés—the shops.

Or, if on the quays, you stay, once and again,  
To see the moon silver Notre Dame and the Seine.

Then the Champs Elysées are Elysian with lights,  
And buzzing with chatter and heavenly with sights.

And the Cafés Chantant with light jest and laugh ring,  
Except when the talkers are hushed while they sing.

Then the play—the Porte Martin—the Opera Comique,  
These, when francs can be found for them, often they seek.

But the dances—the balls at the Château Mabile !  
Always there—there the full rush of young life they feel.

Never dull there or weary—at care there they scoff;  
If they know him elsewhere, here he's waltz'd or polk'd off.

But the Carnival—heaven of all heavens ! we ask  
Why joy should be trebly joy under a mask ?

And can't tell ; but that 'tis so no one can deny,  
If *seeming saints* do so—we know that they lie.

Auguste loved it dearly—so did Celestine—  
They loved it—the holiday crowds—the whole scene.

The time seemed to banish all sadness from earth,  
For then all was madness—one wild whirl of mirth.

Day and night, while it lasted, forgotten was all  
But masking and spending—the street and the ball.

So three summers have flitted—three winters have flown,  
And at last they must part if she's not all his own.

Yes—yes—the time's come when from Paris and life,  
He must part for Bordeaux and a practice and wife.

So his parents have written ; their letter the two  
Have read—soaked with tears—read again through and  
through.

No—nothing shall part them ; they swear it ; they part !  
What were life if they couldn't live still heart to heart !

Here—here in the height of the Carnival too !  
O how dear that she is, that his parents but knew !

But they've laughed off his love when he's written of her ;  
To his prayers—his beseechings, all heartless they were.

On Wednesday—next Wednesday, his father will come ;  
On Thursday—next Thursday, he goes to his home.

Tuesday night is the grand Opera ball ; come what will,  
That last night they'll have of old pleasure their fill.

Then, after ? why after be troubled with breath ?  
If they'll part them in life, they can't part them in death.

So the charcoal in plenty is bought ; in the room  
Every crevice is stopped, and they dress in their tomb.

For the Ball—for the Ball ; let their masking be drear,  
Wild and strange as the future, so dark and so near.

As they waltz through the streets—as they whirl through  
the crush,  
*Let the passers breathe death—let the awed dancers hush*

Let the flower-beds of masks in the ball-room's whirl feel,  
As the doomed meet their eyes, a strange thrill through  
them steal.

An air of chill grave-yards—of dim coffined rooms,  
That the rainbowed scene darkens and dulls in its glooms.

So, wild drunken thought in each half-frenzied head,  
They whirl through the living, dread shapes of the dead !

'Twas the sight of the ball-room—the talk of the night,  
Their ghastly array and their frenzied delight.

With strange joy they seemed mad—with some devil's  
drink drunk ;  
From their yells—from their laughs, dreader still, the worst  
shrunk.

Night brightened to morning ; mask after mask past  
From the frolic, but there were those two till the last.

Then they left ; sought their garret ; the charcoal was lit ;  
Hand in hand they grew hushed soon, and there, see ! they  
sit.

When his father to-morrow (he has their address)  
Comes here, what his first thought will be, can you guess ?

Perhaps that still girl for a wife would have done !  
Perhaps she had better have gladdened that son !

It's too late now to alter it—but, perhaps, it seems  
Those two silent masks will be ugly dread dreams :

That those ghastly gay ones it won't do to think of—  
That his cup will be one that he'd rather not drink of.

But the past is the past ; he must manage as well  
As he can with such sights, though they seem sent from hell.

And some fathers I know would perhaps lose their wits,  
To see a son sitting as that son now sits.



## OUR GLORY-ROLL.

O my land, thou land of heroes! through my thoughts  
    what glories pour,  
As thy mighty past to memory tells thy roll of glory o'er,  
As it numbers up in trumpet tones thy hosts of mighty  
    names,  
All the deathless deeds with which thy brood have matched  
    the ancient fames.  
Saints and heroes! mighty mother, well exultant may'st  
    thou be,  
As thou think'st of all the great ones all thy years have  
    borne to thee!  
Saints and heroes!—each a glory, still creative—still to  
    last,  
Still to throng thy mightier future with the grandeurs of  
    thy past,  
Still to haunt thy countless children with the ghosts of  
    wonders done,  
Till with deeds that match their fathers', each shall prove  
    himself their son.  
Saints and heroes!—who may name all who have toiled  
    and thought and bled  
For thy sake, since, from thy fierce ones, Rome and Cæsar  
    almost fled,  
Since, but dim-seen through thy long-past, with thine  
    Arthur, knight on knight,  
All the might of all thy Table Round streamed on through  
    Badon's fight,  
Since from his freed Saxon England, mightiest in his  
    mightiest reign,  
Thy great Alfred's dragons swept the sea and hurled to  
    hell the Dane,  
Since thy Harold to Hadrada gave seven feet of English  
    shore, [evermore.  
Since his Saxon blood made Hastings' hills holy for  
    Thine were they—the great of heart of old, who dared  
    draw freemen's breath, [of death;  
Though it could be only drawn by them within the grass

So lived he, thy Saxon Hereward, in life, in death, still  
free.  
So lived they, green Sherwood's outlaws bold, so dear to  
song and thee.  
So thy mighty will "live free! die free!" thy Wallace  
dared to learn,  
And thy Bruce and Douglas rung it down to us from  
Bannockburn.  
Praise to them, our Norman fathers, whose mailed gauntlets  
rent away  
From the despot's grasp at Runnymede the rights we hold  
to-day.  
Praise to Montford, thy "Great Baron!" he whose strong  
arm planted deep  
First our rightful power to rule ourselves, the power that  
still we keep.  
Nor, if they blindly strove for wrong, name we with aught  
but pride  
Strong A'Becket and proud Wolsey, who for thy sake strove  
and died;  
Nor forget we they, thy glory in the old and stormy years,  
They of Ascalon and Agincourt—of Crecy and Poitiers.  
From thy lion-hearted Richard to thy Edwards, peerless  
two,  
Who, with Manny and with Chandos, showed what thine  
could dare and do,  
From thy Talbot, France's terror, and thy Hal, that smote  
her down,  
To each bowman and each billman good, who struck for  
thy renown.  
Cold is his heart who even to-day without a throb can be  
For those, his fearless fathers, still the boast of fame and  
thee.

Yet saintlier laurels have been won by these, thy mighty  
brood,  
And holier glories than are reaped in fiercest fields of blood.  
Thy martyrs, who shall count them? who, for God and  
conscience sake, [the stake;  
Have, dauntless, faced the screw and rack, and smiled upon

Through the dungeon and the torture, on to death and  
heaven have trod,

Caught, like the prophet rapt of old in fire right up to God.  
Thine is the still sweet savour of thy Latimer's blessed  
name,

Thine thy Hooper's saintly glory and thy white-haired  
Ridley's fame.

For God and holiest truth and thee, thou saw'st thy  
Cranmer stand

Calm 'mid the flames, while in the fire blackened his  
thrust-out hand.

And thine were all of whom to tell the tongue of History  
tires ;

The souls, to live on high who died on earth in Smithfield's  
fires.

Their pains are past ; their trials here, their bliss hath all  
forgot,

Yet fettered be the faith they freed, when we tell of them not !

O days, o'erfilled with thought and deed ! O days of high  
emprize,

That, from our Lion-Queen's great reign, flash on our  
Who can, in tones that fitly tell their greatness, utter o'er  
The names that were earth's wonders then, and shall be  
evermore ?

One then, O mother-land, was thine, still peerless and alone,  
Thy Shakespeare, greatest gift that God has given His  
earth to own,

Whose equal Time shall never see, as it has never seen,  
Sun in the heavens of glory, sole to be, as he has been ;  
And thine, old land, were then the stars his light alone  
could dim,

Thy Spenser, Jonson, Beaumont, all who only pale by him ;  
Thy Bacon, lord of thought, who saw, with all-beholding  
eyes,

The ways where wisdom always dwells, and bared them to  
Thy Burleigh and thy Walsingham—thy Sydney and De  
Vere,

Who gave thee might and conquest then—to all thy foes a  
fear.

hen didst thou send thy sea-hearts forth, dreadless, afar  
 to gain  
 knowledge and spoils and lands for thee, despite of hell  
 and Spain.  
 or thee, thy Drake dared gird the earth—God and his  
 heart his guide,  
 or thee thy Raleigh wrote and bled, thy Grenville daunt-  
 less died.  
 by Hawkins and thy Frobisher and Cavendish, for thee  
 fought wounds and gold and galleons back from every  
 unknown sea.  
 or thee, no fear of pike or shot, or storm or odds, they  
 knew,  
 innings from death Panama's bars, the ingots of Peru.  
 or thee, thy countless ocean-kings hung on the great  
 fleet's track,  
 ill the Invincible, aghast, fled, foiled and shattered, back;  
 ill these, thy Vikings with red hands, gave for all time  
 to thee  
 unfettered faith and thy proud right to rule on every sea.  
 mighty Tudor times! O souls and deeds of greatness!  
 well,  
 old land, may'st thou still, with proud eyes, of these unto  
 us tell.

or need'st thou lower for after deeds, O land, thy mighty  
 voice,  
 or bid us less, in later fames, to evermore rejoice.  
 O reverence those to whose free tongues and hearts and  
 hands we know,  
 our priceless power to live this hour self-ruled and free,  
 we owe.  
 who knows them not? who needs this hour their great  
 names to be told?  
 who from the paltering Stuarts wrung the rights to-day we  
 hold?  
 O blood of thine is that, old land, which does not kindle  
 high  
 the thought of those who, for thy sake and freedom's, smiled  
 to die;

Who, by slit nose and grubbed-out ears and branded cheeks  
unawed,  
Unblenching fronted Strafford's frown, and dared the hate  
of Laud.  
Yes, Star Chambers might torture, and their High Com-  
missions kill,  
The tyrant fine and pillory, these stood for thy great rights  
still ;  
Stood for them in the evil days when Buckingham had  
power,—  
When renegades, like Wentworth and like base Hyde, had  
their hour,  
When cringing things that scoff'd at laws, of Elliot's death  
made sport,  
And strove to doom us, like themselves, the gagged slaves  
of a court,  
When Popish prelates, fell as Rome's, the people's laws  
trod down,  
And basely would have bound us serfs to priests and to the  
crown,  
Then, England, in thy darkest hour, when men's hearts  
well might fear,  
When thy black night grew but more black, nor hope of  
day seemed near—  
Then how they rose—rose up, all thine, through evil as  
through good.  
Then, for thy great free life and ours, thy Pym and  
Hampden stood,  
Then their strong cry for thy old laws through all the hushed  
land rang,  
And armed and stern, thy roused-up sons to guard their  
birthright sprang,  
And when the tyrant loosed at last his nell-hounds on their  
prey,  
And through thy ways his cry went forth to plunder, bind,  
and slay,  
Then with lit eye, thou well might'st see how gathered to  
thy side  
*The stern ones who on Marston's Moor broke fiery Rupert's  
pride,*

Whom Naseby's day and Worcester's fray, thy conquering  
 soldiers saw,  
 Who fought thy fight at red Dunbar, Wexford, and Philip-  
 haugh,  
 Thy Roundhead ranks—thy Ironsides, who down the  
 scoffers trod  
 On many a field of blood for thee—for law and right and  
 God.  
 Then towered aloft thy Cromwell—thine—who knew thy  
 word alone,  
 Thine and his God's, and in that strength brake down the  
 tyrant's throne;  
 Then through the battle-smoke of days thy Blake thou  
 smiled'st to see  
 Shatter the vaunting Dutchman's pride and give renown  
 to thee.  
 No nobler hearts, no dearer names than these, old land,  
 hast thou;  
 Dear were they to thee while they breathed; dear are they  
 to us now.  
 When dear they are not, then thy end, old land, shall not  
 be far;  
 Thy glory too shall die with theirs who made us what we  
 are.

Nor in thy lowest depths of shame, thy sorest of mischance,  
 When thy lewd basest Stuart sold, for gold, thy power to  
 France,  
 When mistresses misruled thy state and bastards were thy  
 peers,  
 When thou wert fallen to be the spoil of corsairs of Algiers,  
 When bloody Claverhouse dragooned thy servants of the  
 Lord,  
 And preached the faith of Laud again with thumbscrew,  
 boot, and sword, [have fled,  
 When from thy once unfearing homes the heart seemed to  
 And banned and gagged, reviled and scorned, even hope  
 in thee seemed dead, [reign.  
 Even then, in that dark evil hour, in that thrice-cursed  
*For testifiers for thy right thou didst not ask in vain.*

From stern and plain God-fearing men, who fear  
 else, came forth  
 A cry unto the Heavens for thee from out the blood  
 North ;  
 And in thy London, freedom's home, beneath thy  
 eye,  
 Rose some to dare the strife for thee—for thee  
 to die.  
 When thou dost count thy martyrs o'er thou dost  
 ber well  
 How Russell on the scaffold bled—how murdered  
 fell ;  
 But their blood sank not in the earth—its cry w  
 dumb,  
 Until thy day of vengeance full, till freedom's h  
 come.  
 Thy time of torture and disgrace yet longer might  
 Thy Romish Stuart, worst and last, might drea  
 blood Sedgemoor ;  
 Might gloat while drunken Jeffreys joyed to do hi  
 work,  
 Might give thy daughters to the will of the foul I  
 Kirke ;  
 Their curses and our endless hate by hell's own de  
 earn,  
 As merciless to all as when his foot could Monmouth  
 But still the cry of righteous blood unto the heav  
 up ;  
 God, in his time, to the accurst dealt out their own  
 Gave them to taste, when thou didst arm and V  
 Dutchmen came,  
 Their victim's portion, hate and scorn and exile, v  
 Gave the dark evil soul of James in his grey age t  
 Such bitterness as his own hand had dealt to Alic  
 Gave him and his sons' sons to know what they he  
 felt,  
 Their tools to kneel on scaffolds where his victims  
 knelt, [cl  
*Till the Boyne and red Culloden all their sava*  
*And made us freemen, nevermore to dread a Stua*

No more, for all our fathers won, to battle, or to be,  
 Save what we are,—thanks unto them ! those who can but  
 be free.

And since the evil Stuart days in mercy God bade cease,  
 Since under kings that rule by law and love, we've dwelt  
 in peace,  
 What souls have been thine own, to tell of whom thy tongue  
 delights  
 What glories have been thine—what deeds—what ever-  
 broadening rights ;  
 What might and thought and wealth and rule, that still  
 know greater growth,  
 What triumphs still in war and peace—thou, still the first  
 in both,  
 What statesmen, mightier than Greece knew, thou here hast  
 heard at home,  
 What orators thine ears have stilled that shamed the tongues  
 of Rome,  
 Since Somers, pure as wise, for thee in stormiest councils  
 fought,  
 Since lower-souled, but all thine own, thy Walpole for thee  
 wrought,  
 Since Chatham's rushing thunders at his foes and thine  
 were hurled,  
 And, with the bolts of his fierce words, he smote to awe  
 the world ;  
 Since, for thy rule, his mighty will launched Wolfe afar, to  
 wrest  
 From France's hold, on Abram's heights, her empire of the  
 West,—  
 Since, eagled-eyed, with fierce delight, he saw thy sway  
 increased, [trembling East ;  
 Where thy young Clive at Plassey grasped for thee the  
 Thine was the brain that Hastings owned, for widest em-  
 pire fit, [bright wit,  
 Thine Pitt's clear thought, and Fox's fire and Sheridan's  
 Thine Grattan's grasp and Curran's strength and Burke, to  
 whom 'twas known [alone ;  
 To soar to heights, unscaled by thought, save in his words



Thine, too, was Canning's airy grace, and thine the living  
fire

That scorched and seared from Brougham's lips the foes who  
dared his ire ;

Of later names, why need I tell, of whom renown is loud,  
Of living fames that on my thought in world-known great-  
ness crowd !

Exult, old land ; be proud of heart that thou hast these to  
praise

Who mate thy living glories now with those of ancient  
days,

Who highest thought and noblest speech from wisdom's  
lips have caught

Amid the thunders of debate and the fierce clash of thought,  
Who with great laws still bless thy sons and make our  
hours sublime,

And thee amid the nations still the awe and boast of time.

Thine have been war's red triumphs—thine, unnumbered  
sons whose breath

Was spent to reap renown for thee in fiercest fields of death ;  
What conquests and what boasts were thine o'er vaunting  
Louis, when

Thy Churchill proved how well he'd been the pupil of  
Turenne,

When Marlborough's hand from the Great King rent rule  
and power away

At Ramillies and Blenheim, Oudenarde and Malplaquet ;  
Still, with quick breath and flushing blood, the conquering  
tale is read

Of how before him Tallard fell and boastful Villars fled ;  
How, Wellington of that old time, on many a field of fight,  
Before him France's strength went down—her marshals  
spurred in flight ;

And only unto him—to him and one yet greater—yield  
Thy nearer sons who hurled thy ranks through many a  
famous field,

From when thy dying Wolfe exulting heard, "The French—  
*they run !*"

*From when thy boyish Clive won states beneath the Indian* [sun,

From when Gibraltar fire-girt saw thy Elliott bide the shock  
Of empires armed, and fling them back foiled from its  
unwon rock,  
From when upon Corunna's heights thy sons turned in  
their track,  
And with worn ranks, beneath dead Moore, struck their  
pursuers back,  
From when thy Abercrombie's hand at Alexandria tore  
From the fierce eagle's clutch the prey the Mameluke  
dropped before,  
Till when, across green Maida's plain, thy bayonets Stuart  
flung  
In answer stern to the vain boasts of Regnier's taunting  
tongue ;  
Till when thy Marlborough's greater peer, thy Wellesley,  
first, away  
In the far East, gave to thy flags Argaun and fierce As-  
saye ;  
Till Junot, Marmont, Massena, and Victor he o'erthrew  
In fields almost as stern as thine, O world-known Waterloo !  
O old Valkyrii, work ye had, ye choosers of the slain,  
In all his hundred conquering strifes that freed the fields  
of Spain ;  
Busaco—Talavera—Salamanca—well each name  
Thou know'st, old land—well know'st thou, too, Vittoria's  
greater fame ;  
Oft hast thou told of Graham and Barossa—oft hast told  
How, from red Albuera's ridge, thy ranks the Frenchmen  
rolled,  
Through what a fiery breach at last strong Badajos was  
won,  
How grimly St. Sebastian fell thy prey to Wellington ;  
And how he gave our conquering flags at last out to the  
breeze,  
And bade them gaze on France, their spoil, from off the  
Pyrenees.  
In vain against him there did Soult lead on his gleaming  
lines ;  
Through pass and cloud he hurled them down from Font-  
*arabia's pines,*

Till hunted back they turned, and he the strife did not  
refuse,

And smote them yet again and shamed their eagles at  
Toulouse;

But yet by this, thy mightiest son, a mightier foe was seen  
When the great Conqueror vainly strove to win thy ridge,  
St. Jean!

A sterner strife—a nobler hour, old land, you never knew  
Than when you smote Napoleon down, destroyed at  
Waterloo.

Yet, O ye years that we have seen, ye too our blood could  
stir

With deeds that show that we, this hour, are all our fathers  
were;

No nobler hearts through Fontenoy or lost Almanza kept  
Their even tread and steady pulse, while down their ranks  
were swept,

Than those that at Moulton's far walls with Edwardes did  
not fail,

Than those that, in Jellalabad, upbore thy flag with Sale,  
Than Nott and Pollock—they whose arms retrieved thy  
shame and rule,

And planted once again, in might, thy standards on Cabul;  
Dear as Cornwallis's to thee—as Peterborough's, dear,  
His fame who crushed at Hyderabad its many a fierce  
Ameer,

Who, counting not the swarming swords whose strokes his  
weak ranks thinned,

Unpausing, closed at Meeanee with the wild hosts of Scinde,  
He, thy Napier—he of that brood whom glory holds  
above

All others in our own great days, for ever, in its love;  
Nor when the fiery hosts of Sikhs the Sutlej dared swarm  
o'er

To know thy might at Aliwal, Moodkee, and Ferozepore,  
Didst thou in vain for strong ones ask in that thrice-dan-  
gerous hour

To smite them back, and guard unscathed thy glory and  
thy power;

by Hardinge—Gough and Harry Smith—thy Littler—  
 well they kept  
 by named unshamed, while, victors, through Sobraon's guns  
 they swept ;  
 and, when against thee yet again in might the smitten rose,  
 the bloody Chillianwallah and Ramnugger crushed thy foes,  
 rolled conquering on through steel and fire, through  
 Googerat's red roar,  
 and gave new nations to thy rule and throned thee in  
 Lahore.

and, later still, new triumphs flash fresh glories on our  
 eyes,  
 and, nearer yet, old land, our day gives thee new fames to  
 prize ;  
 how ever yet thy mighty blood with fiery gladness thrills  
 as thou rememberest how thy ranks charged up the Alma's  
 hills—  
 how all unsuccoured, with the Turk, thy boldest gathered  
 scars  
 with Williams, while the Russian hordes rolled from the  
 mounds of Kars—  
 how thou didst weep proud tears for those who in the  
 deathless ride  
 of Balaclava, at thy word, without a murmur, died—  
 how never yet a fiercer thrill of joy through thy veins  
 ran  
 when thou heard'st thy soldiers' deeds at gory Inker-  
 mann ;  
 how, through all future coming years, shalt thou delight  
 thy soul  
 with thoughts of those, thy sons, who won for thee Sebas-  
 topol.  
 it brighter yet shall blaze thine eye and deeper flush thy  
 cheek,  
 when thou unto thy children shalt of later glories speak,  
 when thou shalt, wrung with rage and grief and wondering  
 joy, tell o'er  
 thy wrath and tears and vengeance for the slaughtered of  
 Cawnpore,

Tell how, when, sudden, fierce and fell thy trusted Sepoys  
    rose,  
Thy sons, unknowing fear or doubt, unquailing faced their  
    foes  
But knew that they were thine—thy heart and their own  
    hearts but knew,  
And, in that dreaddest of thine hours, still unto both were  
    true ;  
Long unto distant marvelling years shall the proud tale be  
    sung,  
How Wilson, Hodson, and thy few to Delhi's hill-tops clung,  
Clung, victors over foes, disease and death, with lips all  
    dumb  
To murmurs, till their hour of strength and vengeance full,  
    should come,  
Till thy own Lawrence, whose strong arm upheld thee there,  
    at last  
Thy Nicholson's fierce strength of Sikhs into their weak  
    ranks cast,  
And in their might they straight went down and cleansed  
    away thy shame,  
And smote and trod on Delhi's hate, and gave its homes to  
    flame ;  
Then, when thou think'st of all who stood by thee that  
    hour, with those  
Who were thy noblest, thou dost tell of Outram, Peel, and  
    Rose,  
Of Kavanagh—of Arrah's few, by thousands girt about,  
Who paled not, and of grey-haired Clyde who trod the  
    fierce strife out.

But quicker yet, with eager love, at one name thou wilt  
    start  
While there shall beat a single throb, old land, within thy  
    heart,  
While thou hast one faint gleam of life or memory, to thee,  
Greatness and pride, above all pride, thy Havelock shall be ;  
Yes, in the weakness of thine age, thy memory must be dim  
Ere thou shalt cease, with love how dear, with awe to tell  
    of him,

Tell how, defying foes, disease, and the fierce blasting sun,  
He thundered on, through armies crushed, each day a battle  
won,  
Swept, conquering, on—resistless, on—through all that  
barred his way,  
To where the hosts of howling fiends in Lucknow girt their  
prey,  
Then, through the storm of fire, at last fought on to Inglis'  
side,  
And, when thy children all were saved, blessed God and  
thee, and died.

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How many a greatness, all thine own, not yet has crossed  
my tongue  
That might by glory's own bright lips and thine be fitlier  
sung,  
The sunrise of thy deathless verse that made its morning  
bright,  
Thy Chaucer, whose clear radiance first brake sweetly up  
the night,  
Thy Massinger, Green, Decker, Peele, and Marlowe—all  
who lit,  
With Fletcher, honey-tongued—and Ford, the Mermaid  
bright with wit,  
Thy Herrick, Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, Marvel, and their  
crew,  
Thy nightingales, whose sweetness well their mightier  
fellows knew,  
And he, thy Dante, who on earth lived for and still with  
God,  
Milton, who here the fields of heaven and hell's red dark-  
ness trod,  
To whom, with the dread Florentine, 'twas given in life alone  
Alike to see the torturing flames and gaze upon The  
Throne;  
These flash down on us, shining ones that lustrous make thy  
past,  
Nor others dost thou seek in vain, whose light as long shall  
last ;

See, Christian, through the flood, to the Celestial Gate has  
striven,  
That "tale divine," to our rapt ears, was by thy Bunyan  
given ;  
Those laughs of ringing centuries tell of humour strangely  
true,  
'Tis his—thy Butler's—who, for us the canting crop-ears  
drew ;  
Ah ! Crusoe's lonely island life of years, how well we know !  
That fiction's moving truth of truth, won life from thy Defoe ;  
Thine, too, were Goldsmith's tender thought, and humour  
dear and whim,  
Thine he who gentlest Toby drew, and the kind heart of  
Trim ;  
Thine Richardson and Smollett, Steele and Fielding, fellows  
fit ;  
Thine Vanbrugh's, Farquhar's dazzling scenes, and Con-  
greve's diamond wit,  
Thine was the hand and the fine brain whose quaint and  
gentle powers,  
How tenderly and rarely well, made his "Sir Roger" ours ;  
Thine Dryden's strong resounding lines, and Pope's point,  
bright and keen ;  
Thine Swift's fierce heart, that madness made so savage,  
sore, and mean ;  
Thine Young's drear thoughts, and Thompson's verse that  
rhymes the year away,  
And Ramsay's bonnie lassies' chat, and the dear lines of  
Gay ;  
Thy Cowper's quiet feeling yet our grateful reverence earns ;  
Still, on our tongues and in our blood, dance on the songs  
of Burns ;  
Nor later songs and nearer names by thee shall be forgot,  
Thy great in verse, and mightier far in prose, thy Wizard,  
Scott.

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## ARIADNE.

Morn rose on Naxos,—golden, dewy morn,  
 Climbing its eastern cliffs with gleaming light,  
 Purpling each inland peak and dusky gorge  
 Of the grey distance,—morn, on lowland slopes  
 Of olive-ground, and vines, and yellowing corn,  
 Orchard, and flowery pasture, white with kine,  
 On forest,—hill-side cot, and rounding sea,  
 And the still tent of Theseus by the shore.

Morn rose on Naxos—chill and freshening morn,  
 And scarce the unbreathing air a twitter heard  
 From eave or bough,—nor yet a blue smoke rose  
 From glade, or misty vale, or far-off town ;  
 One only sign of life, a dusky sail,  
 Stole dark afar across the distant sea,  
 Flying : all else unmoved in stillness lay  
 Beneath the silence of the brightening heavens,  
 Nor sound was heard to break the slumbrous calm,  
 Save the soft lapse of waves along the strand.

A white form from the tent,—a glance,—a cry.  
 "Where art thou, Theseus?—Theseus! Theseus! where?  
 "Why hast thou stolen thus with earliest dawn  
 "Forth from thy couch—forth from these faithless arms  
 "That even in slumber should have clasp'd thee still!  
 "Truant! ah me! and hast thou learnt to fly  
 "So early from thy Ariadne's love?  
 "Where art thou? Is it well to fright me thus—  
 "To scare me for a moment with the dread  
 "Of one abandon'd! Art thou in the woods  
 "With all that could have told me where thou art!  
 "Cruel! and couldst thou not have left me one,  
 "Ere this to have laughed away my idle fears!  
 "He could have told thee all—the start—the shriek—  
 "The pallid face with which I found thee gone,  
 "And furnish'd laughter for thy glad return;  
 "*But thus! to leave me, cruel! thus, alone!*



"There is no sound of horns among the hills,  
"No shouts that tell they track or bay the boar.  
"O fearful stillness! O that one would speak!  
"O would that I were fronting wolf or pard  
"But by thy side this moment! so strange fear  
"Possesses me, O love! apart from thee!  
"The galley? gone? Ye Gods! it is not gone!  
"Here, by this rock it lay but yesternight!  
"Gone? through this track its keel slid down the shore  
"And I slept calmly as it cleft the sea?  
"Gone? gone? where gone?—that sail! 'tis his! 'tis  
"Return, O Theseus! Theseus! love! return!  
"Thou wilt return? thou dost but try my love?  
"Thou wilt return to make my foolish fears  
"Thy jest? Return, and I will laugh with thee!  
"Return! return! and canst thou hear my shrieks,  
"Nor heed my cry! And wouldst thou have me weep  
"Weep! I that wept, white with wild fear, the while  
"Thou slew'st the abhorred monster! If it be  
"Thou takest pleasure in these bitter tears,  
"Come back, and I will weep myself away,  
"A streaming Niobe, to win thy smiles!  
"O stony heart! why wilt thou wring me thus?  
"O heart more cold unto my shrilling cries  
"Than these wild hills that wail to thee, return!  
"Than all these island rocks that shriek, return!  
"Come back! Thou seest me rend this blinding hair  
"Hast thou not sworn, each tress thou didst so prize,  
"That sight of home, and thy grey father's face,  
"Were less a joy to thee, and lightlier held?  
"Thy sail! thy sail! O do my watery eyes  
"Take part with thee, so loved! to crush me down!  
"Gone! gone! and wilt thou—wilt thou not return!  
"Heartless, unfearing the just Gods, wilt thou,  
"Theseus! my lord! my love! desert me thus?  
"Thus leave me, stranger in this strange wild land,  
"Friendless, afar from all I left for thee,  
"Crete, my old home, and my ancestral halls,  
"*My father's love, and the remember'd haunts*  
"*Of childhood,—all that knew me,—all I knew,—*

"All—all—woe ! woe ! that I shall know no more.  
 "Why didst thou lure me, craftiest, from my home ?  
 "There, if, thy love grown cold, thou thus hadst fled,  
 "I had found comfort in fond words and smiles  
 "Familiar, and the pity of my kin,  
 "Tears wept with mine,—tears wept by loving eyes,  
 "That had washed out thy traces from my heart,  
 "Perchance, in years, had given me back to joy.  
 "O that thy steps had never trodden Crete !  
 "O that these eyes had never on thee fed !  
 "O that, weak heart ! I ne'er had look'd my love,  
 "Or, looking, thou hadst thrust it back with hate !  
 "Did I not save thee ? I ? Was it for this,  
 "Despite Crete's hate—despite my father's wrath,  
 "Perchance to slay me, that I ventured all  
 "For thee—for thee—forgetting all for thee !  
 "Thou know'st it all ; who knows it if not thou,  
 "Save the just Gods—the Gods who hear my cry,  
 "And mutter vengeance o'er thy flying head,  
 "Forsworn ! And, lo ! on thy accursed track  
 "Rush the dread furies ; lo ! afar I see  
 "The hoary Ægeus, watching for his son,  
 "His son that nears him still with hastening oars,  
 "Unknown,—that nears him but to dash him down,  
 "Moaning, to darkness and the dreadful shades,  
 "The while thy grief wails after him in vain ;  
 "And, lo, again the good Gods glad my sight  
 "With vengeance ; blood again, thy blood, I see  
 "Streaming ; who bids Hippolytus depart  
 "But thou—thou, sword of lustful Phædra's hate  
 "Against thy boy—thy son—thy fair-hair'd boy ?  
 "I see the ivory chariot whirl him on—  
 "The madden'd horses down the rocky way  
 "Dashing—the roaring monster in their path ;  
 "And plates and ivory splinters of the car,  
 "And blood and limbs, sprung from thee, crushed and torn,  
 "Poseidon scatters down the shrieking shores ;  
 "And thou, too late—too late, bewail'st in vain,  
 "Thy blindness and thy hapless darling's fate,  
 "*And think'st of me, abandoned, and my woe ;*

"Thou who didst show no pity, to the Gods  
"Shrieking for pity, that my vengeful cries  
"Drag thee not down unto the nether gloom,  
"To endless tortures and undying woe.  
"Dread Gods! I know these things shall surely be!  
"But other, wilder whispers throng my ears,  
"And in my thought a fountain of sweet hope  
"Mingles its gladness with my lorn despair.  
"Lo! wild flush'd faces reel before mine eyes,  
"And furious revels, dances, and fierce glee,  
"Are round me, tossing arms and leaping forms,  
"Skin-clad and horny-hoofed, and hands that clash  
"Shrill cymbals, and the stormy joy of flutes  
"And horns, and blare of trumpets, and all hues  
"Of Iris' watery bow, on bounding nymphs,  
"Vine-crown'd and thyrsus-sceptred, and one form,  
"God of the roaring triumph, on a car  
"Golden and jewel-lustred, carved and bossed,  
"As by Hephæstus, shouting, rolls along,  
"Jocund and panther-drawn, and, through the sun,  
"Down through the glaring splendour, with wild bow  
"Leaps, as he nears me, and a mighty cup,  
"Dripping with odorous nectar, to my lips  
"Is raised, and mad sweet mirth—frenzy divine  
"Is in my veins; hot love burns through mine eyes,  
"And o'er the roar and rout, I roll along,  
"Throned by the God, and lifted by his love  
"Unto forgetfulness of mortal pains,  
"Up to the prayers, and praise, and awe of earth."

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## A VILLAGE TALE.

THE rooks are cawing in the elms,  
As on the very day,  
That sunny morning, mother dear,  
When Lucy went away;  
And April's pleasant gleams have come,  
And April's gentle rain;  
Fresh leaves are on the vine, but when  
Will Lucy come again?

The spring is as it used to be,  
And all must be the same ;  
And yet I miss the feeling now  
That always with it came ;  
It seems as if to me *she* made  
The sweetness of the year ;  
As if I could be glad no more,  
Now Lucy is not here.

A year—it seems but yesterday,  
When in this very door  
You stood, and she came running back,  
To say good-bye once more ;  
I hear your sob—your parting kiss,  
The last fond words you said ;  
Ah ! little did we think—one year,  
And Lucy would be dead !

How all comes back—the happy times,  
Before our father died,  
When, blessed with him, we knew no want,  
Scarce knew a wish denied ;  
His loss, and all our struggles on,  
And that worst dread, to know,  
From home, too poor to shelter all,  
That one at last must go.

How often do I blame myself !  
How often do I think,  
How wrong I was to shrink from that  
From which she did not shrink !  
And when I wish that I had gone,  
And know the wish is vain,  
And say, she might have lived, I think,  
How can I smile again !

I dread to be alone, for then,  
Before my swimming eyes,  
Her parting face, her waving hand,  
*Distinct* before me rise ;

Slow rolls the waggon down the road ;  
I watch it disappear ;  
Her last "dear sister," faint "good-by,"  
Still lingering in my ear.

Oh, mother, had but father lived,  
It would not have been thus ;  
Or, if God still had taken her,  
She would have died with us,  
She would have had kind looks, fond wor  
Around her dying bed,  
Our hands to press her dying hands,  
To raise her dying head.

I'm always thinking, mother, now,  
Of what she must have thought,  
Poor girl ! as day on day went by,  
And neither of us brought ;  
Of how she must have yearned, one face,  
That was not strange, to see ;  
Have longed one moment to have set  
One look on you and me.

Sometimes I dream a happy dream ;  
I think that she is laid  
Beside our own old village church,  
Where we so often played ;  
And I can sit upon her grave,  
And with her we shall lie,  
Afar from where the city's noise  
And thronging feet go by.

Nay, mother, mother, weep not so ;  
God judges for the best ;  
And from a world of pain and woe  
He took her to his rest ;  
Why should we wish her back again ?  
Oh, freed from sin and care,  
Let us the rather pray God's love  
Ere long to join her there.

## THE SAGA OF THE FALL OF HARALD HARDRADA.

### PART I.

HEAR the fame of Harald the strife-lover !

Hear the fall of Harald of the fair hair !

In his hall the son of Sigurd feasted ;  
On the benches lay and drank his war-men.

On the hall-hearth redly blazed the pine logs ;  
Fast the horns went round, with ale white-foaming ;

Then sang Snorr, the Scald, the rune-compeller,  
The fierce Norse hearts joying with his sagas.

Through his chant was heard the clash of war-ships,  
Clang of shields and helms, and shrieks of slaughter.

For he told the war-deeds of Hardrada,  
Told the deeds of Harald the helm-cleaver.

"Fiercely forth to ocean sweep his war-ships,  
"Sweep his dragons forth—his fierce sea-roamers ;

"Halland sees, aghast, his gleaming war-shields ;  
"Valland glares with red fires of his kindling ;

"Well Northumbria knows his axe-men's war-play ;  
"White-lipp'd Mercia shrieks before his war-cry ;

"Erin's widows wail his stormful coming ;  
"Bretland's maids remember well the Viking ;

"Hunger'd are ye, kites, ye yellow-footed ?  
"Follow far his steeds—his ocean-riders !

"Norrasund's blue straits his swift keels furrow ;  
"Serkland's spoils sink deep his sea-kissed gunwales ;

"Jorsalaland greets the mailed Norseman ;  
"Loud the Greekland's city greets the Varing ;

"Home return his gilt-beak'd barks, deep-laden,  
"*Laden deep with treasures, battle-gather'd ;*

"Jarl and Bonder hail the King returning,  
"Joyful throne the sainted Olaf's brother;  
"Let the Danes' land well its green coasts buckler,  
"Shield its shore towns well from Harald's Norsemen!  
"White in ashes lie green Jutland's homesteads;  
"Swend, the Danes' king, shields not smoking Fyen;  
"Hela's ravening maw so well who gorges,  
"Joys so well the Dread ones—the Slain-choosers?

"Grim the gory sword-strife at Nisaa;  
"Sixty war-ships Swend lost in the sword-game;  
"Why no more flaps death the dread Landeya,  
"Harald's flag, the dreaded far Land-waster?  
"Why no more heaps he the feast of ravens,  
"Sigurdson, the stern—the gaunt wolf-gorger?"

Then up through the hall, stern strode Earl Tosti;  
Fierce he strode, the wrathful son of Godwin;

And he spoke, "O King, the white isle greets you;  
"Knut's throne longs to hold the son of Sigurd;

"Curses on the crafty son of Godwin,  
"He upon the throne of Edward seated!

"Curses deep on him, born of my mother!  
"Who withstood me, Tosti, in my Earl-rights!

"Not for long shall he escape my vengeance;  
"Many they who soon shall cry my war-cry;

"Burgh, and thorpe, and grange, and tower are ready  
"Thane and thrall shall muster to my coming;

"King, send forth thy message through thy Norsemen  
"London soon shall throne thee in its Minster.

"Grasp the great sway held by Knut the mighty!  
"So with his thy glory shall be mated."

Ceased the Earl, and loud round through the court-men,  
Hoarsely roll'd approval of his counsel.

But the King sat silent in his high-seat,  
And on all the Earl spoke much he pondered ;

Then arose the storm of song, fierce-chaunted ;  
Snorr's the Scald's song, sweeping all hearts warwards ;

"Launch the serpents ! launch the gold-maned dragons !  
"Let their long keels cleave again the billows !

"Let their dark sails hold again the storm-winds !  
"Let their tall masts creak before the tempests !

"Let the sun glow red upon their shield-rows,  
"On their steel scales rank'd along their bulwarks !

"Swift, with strong-arm'd stroke, we sweep the ocean ;  
"Swift our long oars smite the foam-maned billows ;

"Grey rise England's surf-swept cliffs to landwards ;  
"Green her fields, and black her ports rise shorewards ;

"Deep our furrows cut the rushy Humber ;  
"Dark our anchors cleave the Ouse's tideway ;

"Why so near to Yule-tide flash the Bael-fires ?  
"Fast the beacons flame afar our coming ;

"Why dothane and thrall snatch down their war-gear ?  
"Fast from forest, moor, and dale, they muster ;

"Fast the thickening tide of war rolls onwards ;  
"Fast the war-ranks pour towards the foemen ;

"Well may Jovick's Earls their war-men gather !  
"Sore shall wall and tall tower need their bowmen ;

"For he comes whose war-deeds scalds are chanting !  
"He, the shield-ring-breaker in the war-fray ;

"Through the sleet of hissing arrows stalks he ;  
"Where the death-sparks leap from helms deep-cloven ;



“War-cries, and the shrill-tongued yells of slaughter  
 “Shriek the conquering war-way of Hardrada.”

So sang Snorr, the Scald, and, to his singing,  
 Fiercely throbbed the war-men's hearts around him ;

And around the bearded court-men rising,  
 Clash'd their liking of the stormy scald-song.

Then the rage of battle seized Hardrada,  
 The Berserker thirsting for the onset ;

And his faith he plighted to Earl Tosti,  
 And his word sped forth through shore and upland.

Fast his host have gather'd ; through the tempest,  
 Fast his dragons steers he towards the slaughter.

## THE EXECUTION,

AND HOW IT EDIFIED THE BEHOLDERS.

A Sketch.

He staggered on upon the drop ; oh, who that saw his look  
 Can forget it, as his place beneath the gallows first he took,  
 Can forget the deadly shivering that shook him when his  
 eye

First rested on the heaving crowd agape to see him die,  
 On the mass of upturned faces that had waited hours below  
 And cursed the sluggish jail clock whose minutes crept so  
 slow ;

Though brutal jokes and laughter were bandied fast about  
 To serve to pass the time away until he was brought out,  
 Yet spite of slang and merriment and choice St. Giles's wit,  
 Of guesses how the dead man's clothes the hangman's form  
 would fit—

Though through the crowd from time to time the roar of  
 laughter ran

As puns upon the dangling rope were tossed from man to  
 man,

Though still fresh source of pleasure high for ever new  
     was found  
 In the murderer's words and doings that from mouth to  
     mouth went round,  
 And still, with offered bets and oaths, his best admirers stuck  
 To their calm reliance on him that he'd die with honour—  
     pluck  
 Though now and then some minutes yet more jollily were  
     spent  
 In laughing down some milksop fool who hoped he would  
     repent—  
 Though Turpin's rides and Sheppard's feats, rehearsed with  
     pride and glee,  
 Taught young aspirers to *their* fame how great they yet  
     might be—  
 Though now a pocket picked—a row—a women's fight  
     or so,  
 Served to keep the crowd in humour, still the time was  
     damned as slow,  
 And when before their straining eyes the dead man stag-  
     gered there,  
 With shouts and yells of gladness they tore the shud-  
     dering air ;  
 A thousand tongues took up the roar—a thousand rolled  
     it wide ;  
 Ten times it sank and rose again flung back from side to  
     side ;  
 When silence fell upon the crowd—a hush as of the dead ;  
 You might hear the platform creaking beneath the hang-  
     man's tread ;  
 You might hear the paper's rustle where the painter's  
     hand would try  
 To seize a fine convulsion—a striking agony ;  
 You might catch the poet's mutter of his rhymes in mur-  
     murs faint  
 As he strove in taking measure the wretch's fear to paint ;  
 For one reporter's pencil a scratch you might not lose,  
 As smiling he his tablets gave a crown's-worth good of news.  
 Still on the glaring multitude unbroken stillness lay  
*Ill with a shriek for mercy the felon tried to pray,*

Then suddenly from out the crowd burst up a scoffing yell,  
Their scorn of this, his utter lack of manly pluck to tell,  
Nor ceased it when the quivering wretch first felt the  
hangman's touch

And swooned from out his agony, for nature's strength  
too much,

But fiercer rose the mingling roar of curse and yell be-  
stowed

Upon the craven dastard who so poor a spirit showed,  
And gin-shop pals and jail-birds who had looked with  
pleasant pride

To see how to the very last the law he still defied,  
Who'd boasted how with bow polite the cheering crowd  
he'd greet,

And how his friend, the hangman, with jeer and jest he'd  
meet,

That high in gallows' annals would live his honoured name,  
A spur to all who'd tread his steps, like him, to finish—  
game,

Now cursing deep his agony and mocking his despair  
The fiercest yelled—the thickest filled with howls the reeling  
air ;

Nor many a damn and many an oath, to roar were hun-  
dreds slow

'Gainst him whose chickenheartedness stole from them half  
the show,

Ay, hundreds swore 'twas cursed hard that out of half the  
fun

They'd waited there five hours for, at last they should be  
done ;

And women who'd for windows paid, were sure 'twas never  
right

They should turn the man off fainting and spoil their paid-  
for sight ;

But through the ghastly hell of sound—of curse and howl  
and yell,

The hangman lifts the senseless wretch from where he  
fainting fell,

And down the clammy forehead—and down the ashen face,  
The cap is drawn, the tightened noose is settled in its place ;

Now God have mercy upon him upon whom men have none !  
A swinging form—a quivering corpse—a stillness—all is  
done ;

A minute more, the sunshine is merry once again  
With the buzz of talk and laughing of those who still remain,  
With the settling by noisy knots of idlers through the street,  
Of which shall be the gin-shop to finish off the treat ;  
Some, deep in plans of crimes to do, are lounging off to find  
Fresh gallows' food, to virtue, to awe the public mind,  
And lovers of the good old times and gibbet walk off loud  
In praises of the moral good the hanging's done the crowd.

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### THE MATE'S RETURN.

On the quay, the young mate jumps from the boat ;  
Three long years has he seen afloat.

Three weary years, and at length he lands ;  
Yes, there, with his sea-chest again he stands.

Three long years, the world has he ranged ;  
Well, the black old seaport seems all unchanged.

Now, for a time, no more will he roam ;  
Money he has, and he'll not from home.

Comfort he'll have, and his toil shall cease ;  
Hardly he's earned some pleasure and peace.

Now for some land-life and joys ashore,  
And one, than all others, to him that's more

More than his old mother's face, though he  
Longs to see that, that no dearer can be.

But there's one to his heart that's dearer still,  
One always that's with him, go where he will.

Whose is that thought-of name and face ?  
Whose but those of his darling Grace ?

Grace, the girl that, the long years through,  
*Always his heart has been constant to.*

Grace, the dream that has guarded him  
Always from sin, in frolic and whim.

Grace, the whiteness, that made him endure  
Scoffing and sneer from his shipmates, pure.

Grace, without whom, life joyless were ;  
And, in a few moments, he'll be with her.

Grace, in a mist his glad eyes swim,  
As he thinks of her cry that will welcome him.

Grace, no, flaunting wanton,—away,  
Nothing to you has his tongue to say.

Off ! stand from him ! to her he's true ;  
To her, his darling, he shudders from you.

Wild was her laugh, but shrill is her shriek ;  
How does it dare his name to speak !

How does this outcast—this thing of shame,  
Know him, and, shivering, shriek his name !

He reels ; as if dead, he lies on his face ;  
God ! in that wanton, he's seen his Grace !

## THE TRIUMPH FOR SALAMIS.

*The Sea-shore of Attica opposite Salamis: Two Choruses, one of  
Youths, the other of Athenian Virgins, circling the Trop.*

### BOTH CHORUSES.

Joy, Athene—let thy hymns,  
Tempest-voiced, exulting rise,  
Virgin choirs and bounding youths  
Shout thy triumphs to the skies ;  
Good is of the mighty Gods ;  
Mortals it becometh well  
All their joy and thankful praise  
Thus in holy songs to tell.

Shout we then a song of gladness  
 Unto earth and sky and sea ;  
 To the eternal ones our praises  
 Hymn we—red from victory.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Hark—the measured tramp  
 Of armèd feet I hear ;  
 Comes the billowy toss of crests,  
 The gleam of many a spear.

Hark !

Through the gorges of Taurus  
 The countless hosts pour ;  
 Lo, Sardis hath feasted  
 And rolled on the war :  
 Over Helle's bridged billows  
 The horror accurst,  
 Over Thrace's fierce borders  
 The tempest hath burst ;  
 Through wild Macedonia  
 The deluge hath swept,  
 And trampled Pieria  
 Its ravage hath wept ;  
 Base terror Bœotia  
 And Argolis know ;  
 Thessalia is swelling  
 The hosts of the foe ;  
 Shakes the earth with their tramp ;  
 With their oars foams the sea ;  
 Yet dareth Athene  
 To boast her the free ?

## CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Woe—woe, Athene, woe !  
 Shed for his spring comes stealing on the foe ;  
 h's red right arm is lifted up to slay ;  
 save the Gods its threatening fall may stay,  
 save the gracious Gods may shield thee from the blow ?  
 Woe—woe, Athene, woe !

Hark ! it comes—the storm of war,  
 Clang of mail and clash of spear,  
 Swelling on with deepening roar ;  
 Fear behind—before it, fear ;  
 Lo ! the brazen waves of shields,  
 Surge on surge, along they pour ;  
 Blazing towns and ruined fields  
 Groan the march of Asia's war ;  
 There the chariots' thunder's rolled ;  
 Crested Media's spears are there ;  
 There the Persians' helms of gold  
 Throng with dread the trembling air.  
 From the glare of Afric's sands,  
 Far to farthest India's coasts,  
 Swarm the tongues of myriad lands,  
 Mingling in the mighty hosts ;  
 Far from reedy Oxus' tide,  
 Wandering Scythia's tribes have come ;  
 Hosts of Thebes—the Nile's great pride,  
 Swell the unnumbered nations' hum.  
 And he whom all obey,  
 High on yon ivory car  
 Whose gems burn back the fiery glare of day,  
 He comes—the Great King—like to Gods in sway ;  
 Who—who shall dare his onward road to bar,  
 Who from his wrath shall shield his destined prey ?  
 Woe—woe, Athene, woe !

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Yet this unto the wise is known,  
 Who loftiest stand are marked to fall ;  
 The envious thrones of Heaven for ruin single all  
 Whose mortal state has quaffed unmingled good alone  
 Lo, blown with swelling pride,  
 Unknowing aught of ill,  
 Along the current of their life they ride  
 Exultant—blind to what the breakers hide,  
*Till dashed upon the rocks, with awe the wise they fi*  
*Telling how mortal good with ill is mingled still.*

So should the prosperous tread  
 Their way with trembling dread  
 Nor with insensate pride  
 Misfortune dare deride,  
 d whose hate are none except the untroubled dead.  
 Shall he then 'scape whom power hath taught,  
 Insane beyond the flight of thought,  
 d his insults 'gainst the throned Gods?  
 O'er him the Thunderer nods  
 Ruin, and on his state  
 Shame and destruction wait,  
 wift he headlong falls, the mock of vengeful fate.

## CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Ah, thrice unhappy we,  
 Wretches to whom 'twas given  
 the beneath the heaviest doom of fate!  
 Land of our birth, to see  
 Thy dwellers from thee driven,  
 easant homes in flames—thy cities desolate,  
 ing the strangers' tread—prey of the strangers' hate;  
 O miserable day  
 That tore our grief away  
 the green sun-bathed haunts where we no more  
 ight dwell!  
 O Earth!—O Heaven! ye saw,  
 With woe and shuddering awe,  
 e and shrine crash down, loved of the Gods so well.  
 Where's now each murmuring grove  
 gh whose dim shadowy depths the wood-dove's wail  
 Stole softly clear,  
 our young feet so long had loved to rove  
 time the plaint of the lorn nightingale  
 Through the hushed night to hear,  
 ating moon paused 'mid her radiance pale!  
 In vain—in vain  
 swallow seeks the well-known nested eaves;  
 happy homestead, hid in sheltering leaves,  
 No foot shall tread again;  
 re green it stood but ashes heaped remain.



Hewn are the fruitful trees ;  
 The bunched vines upturn ;  
 In fields that plenty heaped, sits want forlorn,  
 And nought around but desolation sees ;  
 Mourn—mourn, Athene, mourn !

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Hence afar be sadness,  
 Thought of woe and pain ;  
 Thrilled be all with gladness ;  
 Joy be every strain ;  
 What though, accursed of God,  
 The fell barbarian trod,  
 Unsparing, hill and plain,  
 Loosed was the fury on his track ;  
 His bloody due he might not lack ;  
 Triumph and vengeance unto us remain.  
 Joy—joy exultant swells  
 The laurelled hymn that tells  
 The wonders of our might ;  
 Trumpet-voiced, it burns to shout  
 Vaunting Asia's hideous rout  
 And Salamis' red fight.  
 Io Pæan—on they sweep ;  
 Foams with wrath the angry deep  
 Beneath their flashing oars ;  
 Io Pæan—fierce the song  
 Bursts our gallies' ranks along ;  
 Loud Io Pæan, shout the fierce exulting shon  
 Swift, brazen beaks on beaks  
 Dash roaring and with shrieks  
 And wreck and gurgling groans, the war reels to :  
 By the strong swoop of Tyre,  
 'Neath fierce Athene's ire,  
 How many a spear-thronged bark is hurled the wav  
 Hark—bathed in slaughter, where  
 Swart Ares fires the air  
 And hungering still to slay, grim, thunders through  
 And see not human eyes  
 Your more than mortal size,  
 Ye sprung of ancient Telamon, amid the hurtlin

Thou sea beneath us spread,  
 Flesh-gorged, with victory red,  
 How burden we your waves with heaps of ghastly slain !  
 Buckler and helm of gold,  
 How are they plunging rolled  
 Adown thy stormy depths, O ever-sounding main !  
 Io Pæan—on their prey  
 Loosed are the avengers now,  
 Choking gory gulf and bay  
 With broken oar and shattered prow ;  
 Wedged within the crowded strait,  
 Crushed, the foe but strive to fly ;  
 Victims bound, their doom they wait ;  
 'Mid the slaughtered press they die.  
 Swarthy Egypt's courage pales ;  
 Purpled Sidon turns to flight ;  
 With flying Caria's pirate sails  
 Far the ploughed Ægean's white.  
 Ha—heard we not them say,  
 Vaunt of their boastful tales,  
 Hellas' free strength their hands should prostrate lay,  
 Athens should the tyrant's breath obey ?  
 Lo,—soon their purpose fails.

## CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Let there be weeping and a sound of woe,  
 Of wailing and despair ;  
 Rending of robes—in dust a crouching low ;  
 A scattering of bright hair.  
 How many in the bloom of youth we saw,  
 In manhood's golden prime,  
 Go forth, whose noble forms we see no more,  
 Death-stricken ere their time !  
 The ears of those who loved them pine in vain  
 To drink their stately tread ;  
 No footfall from them shall be heard again ;  
 Low lies each dear-loved head.  
 The god-like, where are they who bounded by,  
 The shapes whose golden hair,  
*Like young Apollo's*, the soft breeze on high  
 With joy uplifted ? where ?

They come not back whom we had looked to see  
    High o'er the mighty throng,  
Proud conquerors in the holy games, with glee  
    And triumph borne along.  
With linked dance and song and flashing torch,  
    The veiled bride we thought  
For them through flower-strewn streets—through ea-  
    white porch  
    With shouting should be brought.  
The daughters of Athene who shall tell  
    Of their untimely fall,  
So well beloved by those they loved so well,  
    For ever lost to all !  
How will they rend their braided hair with shrieks !  
    For them no Phrygian flute  
By Samian virgin touched, of nuptials speaks ;  
    For them the hymn is mute.  
Up to the unpitying heavens let shrieks ascend,  
    The cry of ceaseless woe ;  
Beat your white breasts—your cherished tresses rend ;  
    Weep—in the dust lie low.  
No more Ilissus by thy mazy stream,  
    By green Cephissus' side,  
More fair than forms that haunt the maiden's dream,  
    Shall bound Athene's pride ;  
The river nymphs in many a sparry grot,  
    In many a dewy cave,  
Swell their bright streams with tears for their sad lot  
    Whose limbs they loved to lave.  
Dumb be the voice of love, that voice so sweet ;  
    The tongue of joy be mute ;  
Let, through the dance, no snowy tinkling feet  
    Bound to the deep-voiced flute.  
How wearily will life—how sad and slow  
    The drooping hours go by !  
Alas—alas—of old they went not so  
    When those we mourn were nigh !  
Oh, for the pleasant hours that never more  
    We now again may know !  
Oh, for the vanished hours !—shrieks wildly pour,  
    The fondly loved lie low ;

How through the city's streets the laughing throng,  
     Through the high tower-crowned gate,  
 With jest and whispered word and mingling song,  
     Swept on, unfearing fate !  
 How in the time of blossoms did we love  
     Far from her towers to rove,  
 While bent the cloudless sapphire sky above,  
     Through field and shadowy grove !  
 Then fled the winged hours lightning-sandalled by ;  
     No more, alas, they climb  
 Hymettus' grassy sides or basking lie  
     Where haunts the bee the thyme ;  
 No more their hands the many-tinted flowers  
     In wreaths sweet-scented weave  
 To deck their high-arched brows or garland ours ;  
     Weep ; for the fallen grieve.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

    Wherefore mourn the dead ;  
     In glory now they sleep ;  
     Lulled by ocean's tread,  
     They slumber by the deep ;  
 Mourn them not—mourn them not.  
     Fortunate alone  
     Are they who happy live ;  
     Every good they own,  
     All the Gods can give,  
 The Gods in wrath may, envious, take and hapless make  
     their lot.  
     Only blest are they  
     Who tread the earth no more ;  
     Their last their happiest day ;  
     Their chance of evil o'er ;  
 Beyond misfortune's utmost reach, in life o'ershadowing all.  
     But who, oh who as they are blest,  
     The loved of heaven—the band  
     Who smiling sank to endless rest  
     While battling for their land,  
 Rejoicing 'mid the storm of fight in freedom's cause to  
     fall ?

Tell me not of life's sweet pleasures,  
Thrilling love and maddening wine;  
Who such joys with glory measures?  
Who to change them would repine,  
Nor for all after-coming time, life's few short years resi-  
What is life? a feverish dream;  
Pleasures? shadows fleeting by;  
Blest his lot who would not deem,  
Grasping deathless fame, to die,  
And in his country's festal songs to live unendingly?  
Life is short and onward fastly  
Speed earth's dwellers towards the tomb;  
Lightning feet the hour hath, lastly  
Seen before we seek the gloom,  
The night that haunts the nether realms and learn  
endless doom.  
Life is passing; death comes leaping.  
Towards us, beckoned on by fate;  
Why goes up the voice of weeping?  
Swift the end comes, soon or late,  
For numbered are our earthly hours nor far their latest d  
Rejoice—we will not mourn the dead;  
No tears shall dim our eyes:  
Be theirs the fame for which they bled;  
Our choral songs shall rise,  
Our voices swell their god-like deeds in triumph to the sk  
The hurlers of the beamy spear,  
The lifters of the shield,  
How poured with them red flight and fear  
And slaughter through the field?  
Who with their resistless might  
Through the thickest throng of fight  
With reeking falchion, storm-like, cleft their gory crimso  
way?  
What voices thundered out  
As theirs, the horrid shout  
That smote the warring foe with fear—with terror 't  
the fray?  
When spear on buckler rung,  
And the pæan from each tongue

st, hurling flight and dread dismay our charging ranks  
before,

Who joyed as they, to pour  
With the wintry ocean's roar  
n the fierce embattled foe and plunge amid the war?  
Sought we the fallen? there  
We surely found them where  
rent by howls of agony the hell of sounds in air;  
The short sharp wild death-shriek,  
The groan told where to seek  
lowly-laid whose battle-path was trodden by despair.

## BOTH CHORUSES.

The mighty Gods are just,  
The power of those who lust  
crush the guiltless and the free, they tumble to the dust;  
With awe and gladness raise  
The hymn of thankful praise  
those who proudest kings confound with fright and  
dread amaze.

Ægis-bearer—Zeus—to thee,  
Lowly bending thus the knee,  
At thy feet we bow;  
Let—oh let our praise and prayer  
Not in vain be poured in air,

Thunderer, hear us now.  
God of Gods, thee, all who dwell  
In the dread abyss of hell

Or ocean's depths, obey;  
All the halls of heaven behold  
Throned on high in burning gold,  
Trembling own thy sway.

Zeus—deliverer—thee before,  
Earthward bending, we adore

For all for Hellas done;  
Giver thou of matchless might  
In the armour-cleaving fight,

We thank for freedom won.  
If the odours that uprise,  
*Steaming from the sacrifice,*

Grateful be to thee,  
Grant that all in Hellas born  
Life with chains for ever scorn  
And bear the future free.  
And thou in thine own city's love,  
Goddess, shrined all Gods above,  
Pallas, to thee the many-voiced hymn  
Grateful we raise  
Fond offering of our praise,  
Telling how in thy honour the white steer,  
Flushed with wreathed blooms, the brightest of t  
Shall quivering fall  
And the thronged city hold high festival,  
With incense burned to thee the white air makin

## CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Tread we yet a blither measure,  
Timed to joy, while flute and voice  
Fling abroad abounding pleasure,  
Bidding earth and heaven rejoice.  
See—upon the raptured sight  
Bursts a vision of delight ;  
Gone are war and war's alarms ;  
Rusting are the soldier's arms ;  
Laughing valley—jocund hill  
Song again and gladness fill ;  
Tasked again, the glad earth yields  
Plenty to the jocund fields ;  
Cot and barn and homestead green  
Peeping through their leaves are seen ;  
In the vale the anvil rings ;  
On the wave the fisher sings ;  
Morning hears the horn once more  
Fright to bay the foaming boar ;  
Through the shadowing olive grove  
Evening woos the feet of love ;  
Mirth and music fill the air  
Home the blushing bride they bear ;  
Flowers again the sunshine crowd ;  
Orchards with their fruit are bowed ;

Summer smites the clanging brass  
 Lest her swarming bees should pass ;  
 Heaped upon the labouring wain,  
 Creaks the harvest home again ;  
 Drunk with sport and wine and song,  
 Roars the vintage rout along ;  
 Happy hours and happy earth !  
 All is sunshine—all is mirth,  
 Mirth and joys that never cease,  
 All the bliss that dwells with peace.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Back the wild rejoicing strain  
 Toss we swift in joy again ;  
 Lo—a vision too I see  
 Of the glory that shall be ;  
 List—the sound is in mine ears  
 Of the sights of coming years ;  
 Hark, the crowded quarries hum ;  
 Down, the snowy blocks, they come ;  
 Saw and chisel din the air ;  
 Rises slow the temple fair ;  
 On the lofty rock-hewn base,  
 Step and glistening floor they place ;  
 Columns white in stately row,  
 Round about in beauty go ;  
 Architrave and cornice lie  
 In their strength in majesty ;  
 Colours bright as eyes behold  
 Streak them 'mid their shields of gold ;  
 Hush thee, song, nor strive to tell  
 What no mortal hymn may swell,  
 Beauty unimagined ; thought  
 Fairer than was ever wrought ;  
 Forms that only heaven have trod,  
 Each an earth-created God ;  
 From the marble's white womb rent,  
 Throng they frieze and pediment ;  
 Over all, the mighty roof  
*Rises, glistening in the sun,*



Rises, to the thunder proof,  
 And the wondrous work is done,  
 Where for aye, in praise unending,  
 Is the holy hymn ascending  
 Unto her—the azure-eyed,  
 Joy of Zeus—her city's guide.  
 Nor blind thee yet, O hymn, but with far-seeing eye  
 The coming glory all descry;  
 Mast-thronged port and towered wall;  
 Game and gorgeous festival;  
 Dionusus' stately rite  
 In the seated city's sight,  
 While the laurelled victory  
 Mightiest bards with contest buy,  
 And in lofty verse are told  
 Deeds of heroes—woes of old,  
 And gods and god-like forms with awe their eyes beho

## BOTH CHORUSES.

Thine, Hellas, is glory  
 All glory transcending,  
 Till earth's brightest story,  
 Till time have an ending,  
 Till dim grow the memory of all, lustre lending  
 The world's mighty being,  
 Till o'er the past flow  
 The future, unseeing  
 The deeds hid below,  
 The glory of Hellas—the shame of her foe.  
 And thou of fair lands  
 That engirdle thee round  
 The fairest—where stands,  
 Over all high-renowned,  
 Ionian Athene—through earth sweeps the sound  
 Of thy triumphs, high swelling,  
 Swift-leaping along;  
 The nations are telling  
 Thy glory in song,  
 And tongues that thou know'st not thy praises prolong

Enshrined in the wonder  
Of strangers afar  
That broad regions sunder,  
Thy mighty deeds are ;  
When the gloom of the past shall be round thee, thou star,  
The robe of their fame thou  
Shalt wear and the light  
That haloes thy name, thou  
Shalt flash down the night,  
|| with awe the earth's dwellers bow down in thy sight.

---

## THE SEMPSTRESS TO HER MIGNONETTE.

I LOVE that box of mignonette ;  
Though worthless in your eyes,  
Above your choicest hot-house flowers,  
My mignonette I prize ;  
Thank heaven, not yet I've learned on that  
A money worth to set ;  
'Tis priceless as the thoughts it brings,  
My box of mignonette.

I know my own sweet mignonette  
Is neither strange nor rare ;  
Your garden flaunters burn with hues  
That it may never wear ;  
Yet on your garden's rarest blooms  
No eyes were ever set  
With more delight than mine on yours,  
My box of mignonette.

Why do I prize my mignonette  
That lights my window there ?  
It adds a pleasure to delight ;  
It steals a weight from care ;  
What happy daylight dreams it brings !  
Can I not half forget  
My long, long hours of weary work,  
With you, my mignonette ?

It tells of May, my mignonette,  
And as I see it bloom,  
I think the green bright pleasant Spring  
Comes freshly through my room ;  
Our narrow court is dark and close,  
Yet when my eyes you met,  
Wide fields lay stretching from my sight,  
My box of mignonette.

What talks of it, my mignonette ?  
To me it babbles still  
Of woodland banks of primroses,  
Of heath and breezy hill ;  
Through country lanes and daisied fields,  
Through paths with morning wet,  
Again I trip as when a girl,  
Through you, my mignonette.

For this I love my mignonette,  
My window garden small,  
That country thoughts and scents and sounds  
Around me loves to call ;  
For this, though low in rich men's thoughts  
Your worth and love be set,  
I bless you, pleasure of the poor,  
My own sweet mignonette.

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### THE JUDGMENT OF MIDAS.

HEAR what Apollo sang, and what, rough Pan,  
To Midas, listening, dull-eyed, judging each,  
Beneath the coolness of a stirless pine,  
What time the noon its heaviest shadows threw  
Down Ida's slopes, and, save each voice and pipe,  
Alternate, not a sound the valley heard,  
Save only where one hot cicada sung.  
*First sang Apollo, shaking lightly back  
From the high whiteness of his swelling brows,*

he golden glory of his clustering curls :  
Hearken, O Midas ! not to thee I sing  
As to one fetter'd by thy golden gift  
Unto the low delights and hopes of earth ;  
But as to one, earth-born, yet above men  
Favoured—one, lifted by the Gods, a God,  
Dealing the good or ill thou will'st to man.  
What are the pleasures and delights of sense  
That I should sing them unto such as thou ?  
Not with such, grovelling, will I soil my song,  
Brutish or flesh-defiled ; O Midas, hear  
Thoughts that a God should hear—a God should speak.  
Evil and good, what are they unto thee !  
Not sounds that falsely image to thy soul  
The thoughts and things they show to sights impure ;  
Their evil not thy evil, nor their good  
Thy good shall be. Not sloth, not restful hours,  
Thy gold shall grasp, rejoicing !—unused life,  
If that thy sumless treasures to thee gave,  
Better wert thou the neediest of thy slaves,  
That fate, with bitter goad of all men's wills,  
Scourges to labour, so, from out thy toil,  
Should help and some poor good for man be wrung ;  
Oh, heed not thou the false and luring voice  
That whispers of the poor delights of ease,  
Of slumbrous nights, and dull, unfruitful days,  
These thou shalt loathe, enjoy'd,—enjoy'd and past,  
Leaving no after-life of glorious thoughts  
Of labours garner'd—the full harvest won.  
Lo, gold is power, or power for good or ill,  
And oft, o'erweighted with the lustrous load,  
Have high resolves, white-wing'd, full-plumed for heaven,  
Waver'd aloft, o'erburden'd, but to fall,  
To flutter in the miry ways of life.  
Spurn thou its rule. Rule thou its strength. Thy slave,  
So shall it minister to loftiest ends,  
And lift thee, mortal, to that higher life  
Of nobler toils and struggles for thy kind  
Than others compass, such as strain'd the strength  
Of *Herakles*, ere yet he rose, a God,

"O'er labours, vanquish'd, toiling up to heaven."  
Ceased the full song, yet still the sultry noon  
Listen'd, even as when Philomel hath ceased  
Beneath the moon, the rapt night hearkens on,  
Ravening for more of her melodious swells  
And gushings of rich sweetness. Then two sounds  
Throbb'd through the silence; one, the deep-drawn breath  
Of Pan, recovering from the God's strong sway,  
And one, far deeper, by dull Midas drawn,  
Roused by the stillness from his sultry doze.  
Twitching a hairy ear—a mocking laugh  
Round his brute mouth and wrinkling all his cheeks,  
Lover of cream, the goatherds' God began:  
"Earth-born, O Midas, live alone for earth,  
"Nor miss its pleasures for an untried heaven.  
"Sweet are the plenteous gifts earth has for thee,  
"And dear the joys that every season brings,  
"The young spring's brightness—the hot summer's shade—  
"The autumn's harvests, fruits, and vintage mirth,  
"And winter's ruddy gatherings round the hearth,  
"While the loud tempest, howling, beats without.  
"Ease is thine own; thine, gold; why should'st thou toil?  
"Swift comes the day, when to the dreadful shades  
"Thy steps descend; live!—yet thou livest; live!  
"Live!—wise are they that wring from out their days  
"The wine of joy—the nectar of delight.  
"Crown thee with roses, Aphrodite's flower,  
"The violet and the jasmine, newly blown!  
"Wreath thee with arms more white than Ida's snows,  
"But, O, more warm than these deep valleys' noons,  
"With wild hot throbs through every violet vein  
"Pulsing delight. Sun thee 'neath azure eyes,  
"Dewy with passion,—languid with sweet love,  
"Brighter than frostiest stars,—lit with desire.  
"What joy more sweet than, from the fiery glare  
"Shadow'd, beneath the cool of forest boughs,  
"Or in some ivied cavern's mouth to lie,  
"With honied whispers murmuring in thine ears  
"And burning kisses evermore rain'd down  
"On half-oped eyes and brow and lip and cheek—

outh sealed to mouth, the rich breath breathing in,  
 golden dreams forgetting all but joy!  
 reathe me with sun-bathed droopings of the vine!  
 nd me, O Dionusus, in thy chains!  
 y slave I would be—ever, be thy slave;  
 im me this beechen bowl with wild delight!  
 ine—give me wine—fierce wine, the drink of gods!  
 ink, mortal! draughts, more sweet than Hebe bears,  
 rth, in these violet clusters, stores for thee,  
 or dearer sound has, than the gurgling flow  
 ' the bright gladness, from the wine-bag's mouth  
 aping; drink—laugh and love! lo, these are life!"  
 n Midas, brute-like, gave the prize to Pan,  
 , in the moment that he stretch'd it forth,  
 olden pipe, chased by the lame God's hand,  
 his dolt's head he felt the dull ears rise,  
 ! in the stream, he saw himself, an ass.

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### THE WATCH OF THE CRUSADES.

SHE sits in the eastern turret  
 Of that castle rugged and grey,  
 And ever her watch is eastward kept,  
 Till the long day dies away.

Till, behind her, dies the sunset,  
 And darkness the far view fills,  
 That she looks across, from its English walls  
 To its circling English hills.

Yet they rise unseen before her,  
 Those hills of her own green Kent,  
 For ever a far-off landscape, here  
 Is with her, since first he went;

Since, the cross on his knightly shoulder,  
 And his vassals array'd—O woe!  
 Lost—and, how long! to be lost to her,  
 Years since, she saw him go.

And ever the eastmost turret  
She climbs to, to look in vain  
To the turn in the road that must show him  
When he comes, if he comes again.

And there, from that eastward turret,  
Her looks will roam and roam  
Down the one grey road, from the broidery :  
That is work'd to greet him home.

Her maids may whisper and chatter,  
But, jest and laugh as they may,  
She tries in vain to heed their mirth,  
All lost to what they say.

But most she loves to clamber  
Up—up the steep winding stair,  
To that grey still chamber, when no one,  
No voice, and no laugh are there.

Then—then, in that grey still turret,  
What sounds in her hush'd ears ring !  
What scenes of sorrow, and ever one form,  
To her eyes, her heart's fears bring !

Look ! now, to her inward vision,  
A cloudless sky is given,  
A glaring earth, that fiercely glows  
To the glow of a glaring heaven.

Blind to all outward seeing,  
In thought, she only sees  
The stirless shade of the desert palms  
That know not of air or breeze.

And the stretch of the blinding desert  
Glares redly across her sight,  
Still sands that know no motion,  
Bathed in eternal light.

Then forms are seen, and horsemen  
Upon the hot wastes rise,  
The ranks of the worn Crusaders,  
They flicker before her eyes.

"Water ! O Jesu ! water !  
"One drop !" she hears that yell,  
As if 'twere Dives, shrieking up  
To Lazarus, out from hell.

And one gaunt shape she watches,  
Wordless, amid the din,  
That onward toils through the molten sands,  
To the mocking spring to win.

On the hot sand, who lies dying,  
Too weak to scare away  
The vulture from his charger's eyes,  
He soon the foul bird's prey ?

Or, fetlock deep, their chargers  
Are toiling and toiling sore,  
While ever some sink 'neath the weary load  
They never shall bear more.

A moment—the silence rings with shouts,  
And the Arabs' yell she hears ;  
The Christians' shrieks, and the Paynims' cries,  
And the splinter and crash of spears.

Again, and the swarthy Moslem  
Are gone, and the host toil by ;  
God ! have they left him there alone,  
Wounded—unshrived to die ?

O that her love could bear her,  
As swift as her wild fear flies,  
To pillow on hers his dying head,  
And to bless his dying eyes !



But sometimes the eastmost turret  
Gives her brain as weary dreams  
Of cities and kiosk'd gardens,  
And fountains and golden streams :

For, ever those gardens tending,  
A Christian slave is there,  
That the bitter scoff of the Paynim hounds  
Must, smitten and shackled, bear ;

Till the knightly heart is broken,  
And the haughty eye grows dim,  
And the stately form is bow'd and bent,  
Till the meanest can scoff at him.

Or, hark ! his haughty spirit,  
Unbroken, Mahound has curst,  
And spat at the dogs who know not Christ,  
And hath dared them to their worst.

And, crouch'd in that ghastly dungeon,  
Where newt and adder crawl,  
She sees him, tortured, and crush'd, and worn  
By misery worse than all.

O terrors ! in shapes, how ghastly,  
You scare and affray her eyes !  
And hope, no fairer visions,  
No sweeter dreams, supplies ?

Yes ; ever the first in glory,  
In danger, saved through all,  
Joy shows him, Christ's dear soldier,  
Not doom'd to sink or fall.

And ever the deadly mêlée,  
And burning wastes are trod,  
Secure, by him she loveth,  
Her warrior, loved of God.

And ever, as on he battles  
To where Christ's triumphs were,  
His thoughts, she knows, are of his Lord,  
His Lord alone, and her.

Then sometimes, calmly sinking  
In such sweet dreams to rest,  
With a yet—yet dearer vision  
Her happier eyes are blest.

O joy of joys ecstatic !  
A glad cry strikes her dumb  
With gladness, calling to her,  
"Come down ! our lord has come !"

Then—then, the glorious angels  
That guard her, smile and know,  
Heaven's blessedness at times is shown  
To mortals, yet below.

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UFTON COURT.

DIVE, dive, O swallow, dart and dive !  
Your joy is changeless, but ours, how short !  
So whispers this long-lost home to me,  
My boyhood's dwelling of Ufton Court.

O weedy terrace—O silent walks—  
O echoing porch—O waters green—  
For forty years where the palm-tree waves,  
Not such have my dreams of Ufton been !

Not so I saw you in that old time  
When love, it struggled, but pride, it won,  
When, choked with passion, I left you last,  
For the march and camp 'neath an Indian sun.

Not so I saw you, when on our line  
*The Pindarees' wild horse came down ;*

Not so 'mid the yell of the roaring breach,  
When we storm'd red Bhurtpore's cloven town.

No—all unchanged, in those eastern dreams,  
Your fountain leap'd, and your broad elms swung  
And with one soft laugh—that ever I heard—  
With gladness and music your chambers rung.

The oak is green, and the linnet sings  
As sweet a song as ever it sung ;  
But where is the voice that warbled here  
A sweeter music when I was young ?

Soft falls the sunlight as then it fell,  
On gable, and casement, and garden wall ;  
But where is she, to my boyish heart  
That made the gladness of Ufton Hall ?

“ Or you or I should go,” they said,  
“ Or you be homeless, or I depart.”  
Strange lands they thrust between our love,  
But never they thrust us heart from heart !

A differing faith our fathers held ;  
A differing faith we from them drew ;  
My curse be on the ancient jars  
That help'd to part me, love, from you.

My curse be on the bigot hate  
That bann'd thy rites, O ancient Hall ;  
And hunted forth thy outlaw'd priests  
From passaged roof and hollow'd wall.

“ A boyish passion, a girlish love—  
“ Let other faces our fancies fill.”  
Little they thought would my hair be white,  
And her smile in my heart be lonely still.

For forty springs have your thorn-trees bloom'd,  
For forty autumns your oaks been gold ;  
Yet the sight of your rising chimneys shook  
My blood, as it thrill'd its throbs of old.

Yet ah ! how little, as children here,  
 When these same garden-walks we paced,  
 We thought that the love we then scarce knew,  
 They fain would have from our hearts effaced.

Effaced ! Our names on the beech then cut,  
 The beech with years may at last resign ;  
 But never a change my love could know,  
 And never a change could come to thine.

Ah, well I mind me of that sweet hour,  
 When conscious love to your eyes first came,  
 No, never I knew their depths to leave,  
 Or shown or hidden—till death the same.

O hazel eyes, 'mid your soft brown curls !  
 Fain, fain had hidden them, land and sea ;  
 But ever they lived before my thought,  
 And ever they look'd their love to me.

For ever they gazed with that parting look  
 That sware a love that must endure,  
 The love of the heiress of Ufton Court  
 For me, her cousin, scorn'd and poor.

Yet never a breath of that sweet love  
 Or word or letter to me might bear ;  
 Too keen was that mother's cold, proud watch,  
 But, utter'd or not, that love was there.

Ay, long they pray'd her to wed the Earl,  
 And long they scoff'd at her idle gloom ;  
 But changeless stole she away from youth,  
 Stole she unto her early tomb.

And therefore, well, to my aged thoughts,  
 It seems that, heirless, to stranger hands,  
 From those who wither'd our joy to grief,  
 Should pass, old Court, thy hall and lands.

And now, at length, that I look once more,  
 Old home, on thee—decay thy fate—  
 On thee, I say, let the curse work on,  
 Of the hearts thy pride made desolate.

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## HER JESSAMINE.

## PART I.

THERE's the jessamine she loved so ; ah, a curly child she  
 set it  
 When this garden porch from which it trails so greenly,  
 first was made ;  
 Oh, her joy in its first summers, who that saw it can  
 forget it,  
 How she wondered at its white sweet stars and shouted in  
 its shade !  
 Oh, that jessamine—that trellised porch—I never look  
 upon it  
 But up before me all her little days it seems to bring ;  
 How, brown and bare, her little hopes still prattled bloe-  
 soms on it,  
 Still looked for leaves in winter and still watched for buds  
 in spring.  
 That jessamine—its every spray to her was a green sister,  
 For, sisterless, her all of unclaimed love on it was spent ;  
 To her its faint sweet odours still were glad fond lips that  
 kissed her,  
 Its murmurs, living tongues that whispered back the love  
 she lent.  
 That jessamine—oh, how she prized the pleasure of its  
 training !  
 No hand but hers, its year's new shoots might to its trellis  
 bind ;  
 'Twas a sound to gladden any heart—her laugh to see it  
 gaining, [wind.  
*May by May*, still up the porch's height, along the roof to

We country folks have fancies, friend, and, to our simple  
seeming,  
'Twas as though for it her fondness still so more than  
natural were,  
That across our evening cottage talk, there'd often float a  
dreaming  
Of a bond beyond the thought of man betwixt that flower  
and her.

You smile ; 'tis but a fancy ; true ; but so they lived  
together,  
That ever with the thought of her, came memory of the  
flower,  
And yet I doubt, so strongly still the charm is on us  
whether  
An eye here, without seeing her, looks on it to this hour.

Ay, sights are 'neath that jessamine that your eyes are not  
seeing ;  
Each leaf, but a mere leaf to you, to us is a dear thought ;  
For us, forms move within its shade, to you that have no  
being,  
And whispers wander to our ears, by yours from it un-  
caught.

'Twas there, in that soft golden shade with which June's  
sunlights fill it,  
That she with Edwin played and laughed through many a  
girlish day ;  
'Twas there, the girl no longer now, she heard the flushed  
air still it  
To catch the yes that murmured her young heart to him  
away.

And there, when our consent was won, how many a glad  
still hour,  
How many a white night star above their lingering partings  
past,  
While, sweeter than the sweetness far of every folded flower,  
Through their low words, murmured up a love through all  
*their years to last.*

Her jessamine—her jessamine—a bride before the altar  
Of our gray old ivied church she stood and yet 'twas with  
her there ;  
They who heard her low sweet murmurs there the holy  
service falter,  
Saw a spray of its pure silver stars wreathed in her soft  
brown hair.

Her jessamine — her jessamine — years come and go,  
estranging  
Hands from hands and hearts from hearts, but still her  
love for it's the same ;  
Nay, even now a letter scarce can love for love be changing  
Betwixt her new and old homes, but 'tis sweetened with its  
name.

## PART II.

'Tis but a sprig of jessamine, yet, Ellen, more I treasure  
That withered and discoloured spray, than things the most  
I prize ;  
'Tis not alone a memory of some young evening's pleasure,  
A whisper of some sweet ball of my girlhood there that  
lies.

Ah, Ellen, on those faded leaves your eyes are calmly  
falling,  
As if no throng of troubled thoughts—no sights were of  
them born,  
But, seen by me, those blossoms sere, the long-gone past  
recalling,  
Are deep thoughts in the records of the heart's far history  
worn.

I would that here, my own dear child, here with your  
mother only,  
The page of life before us now, by your eyes should be  
read,  
So shall that spray of jessamine, when I am gone and  
lonely  
You walk the world, be as a voice of warning from the dead.

O summers of my childhood ! days so loved of fancy's  
dreaming !  
O Mays that basked in sunshine hardly crossed of lightest  
shade !  
How little to your simple thought, the coming years were  
seeming  
For griefs unguessed and weeping and for care and trial  
made !

O green home of my girlhood ! low your leaves are rustling  
o'er me,  
As in chequered shades and sunbursts 'neath your mossed  
old trees I lie,  
While ever some sweet blossom slow comes wavering down  
before me,  
Floating down from your old orchard boughs before my  
half-shut eye.

Your garden—it's before me ; the old casements looking  
on it  
Through the leafy gold-green sunlight of their thick o'er-  
mantling vine ;  
Your gables quaint ; your trellised porch ; the jessamine  
upon it,  
To watch and train whose sweet growth was a girlish love  
of mine ;

Was a love that strangely gathered strength with every  
changing season,  
That strangely grew to weave itself at last through every  
thought,  
Till fancy seemed to know of bonds beyond the gaze of  
reason,  
In tangling meshes of that strange sweet love, unstruggling,  
caught.

Ah, I see myself as then I was, a laughing girl, light-  
hearted,  
Tossing back a flood of golden curls from off my young  
blue eyes,



As with leap and shout and broken song, its tangled shoots  
I parted,  
Spring's sweet gifts to my sweet jessamine that so I'd learned  
to prize.

Ah, I see myself as soon as I was, in liliated summers after,  
Still a girl, but numbering other years—a knitter, while the  
sun  
Poured a mellow slanting splendour through that odorous  
porch, and laughter,  
Still your father's mocking mine, betrayed our days of love  
begun.

O those old remembered evenings! all their stillness is  
around me,  
All the odorous purple twilights of those shadowy nights of  
June,  
When through that green porch's trailing sprays, white-  
starred, the sweet hours found me,  
Found us, arm-enwreathed together, watching on the cres-  
cent moon.

But other—far, far other thoughts that withered spray is  
bringing,  
Another face—another voice—a dance of those sweet years,  
Ere yet, a bride, I left the home whose leafy memory's  
clinging  
To all my thoughts—whose old sweet sounds are ever in  
my ears.

How fair a young thing then I was! long—long has gone  
the beauty  
That in those happy winters won from all, the ball-room's  
gaze;  
Long—long—ah, long has changed the heart that found  
the paths of duty  
Too narrow for its wayward steps, allured to folly's ways.

How vain a young thing then I was! for triumphs only  
living;  
*Still restless* if there reigned not in all eyes, my beauty's sway;

Still grudging unto brightest eyes a phrase of flattery's  
giving,  
Each watching gaze another's from my sweetness smiled  
away.

Ah, I hear again those murmured words amid that dance  
that fluttered  
The pulses of a young heart as the music swelled and died,  
That strove against the true thought of the many a vow  
she'd uttered  
Of love for ever unto one—to one and none beside.

And is her partner, dance by dance, he who, than any other,  
Has truest right to claim her hand, his own through all the  
ball,  
Or smiles she, thoughtless of him, to the whisperings of  
another,  
Another whom her purity should fitter shun than all?

Has she not startled from his path? has she not fled his  
gazing,  
That, a prophecy of evil, long has crossed her, day by day?  
And dares she now the dance with him, her eyes, untrem-  
bling, raising  
To looks from whose bold insult hers have dropped so oft  
away?

Yes—he was bowed to—noble—of a brow and lip of beauty  
That had fixed the eyes of woman, had he lacked the pride  
of birth,  
Had he lacked the height of station to which reverence  
seemed a duty,  
And ancestral wealth that stood him in the place of honest  
worth.

And is the love of all her years, for his, a moment slighted?  
The love that with her ripening life to fairest growth had  
grown,  
The love so many a summer star had lingered to hear  
plighted,  
*Forgot for a false passion that were shame and sin alone?*

Ay, blush for her, my own pure child ; blush for a maiden,  
daughter,  
Who spurned not his base flatteries back with instant honest  
scorn :  
Alas for youth's weak vanity ! the triumph's pride had  
caught her,  
A titled partner for the night from every rival borne.

And still, as hour chased throbbing hour, sank doubt and  
scruple under  
The insult of his homage that was never from her side,  
Till her young ears grew sullied with his flatteries, without  
wonder  
That she stooped to listen to them with a joy she scarce  
would hide.

The dawn is gray, and in her home, before her glass, un-  
wreathing  
The spray of her own jessamine from out her hair, she  
stands ;  
“ You'll come ? ” were they his parting words ? why stills her  
startled breathing ?  
What sees she in the drooping wreath that trembles in her  
hands ?

The past—the past is with her ; with a rush of recollection  
Throng before her all the pure hours those sweet stars have  
dreamed above,  
All the story of her young heart, dawning into glad affec-  
tion,  
All my girlhood's gentle fondness as it blossomed into love.

Self-abased, I faced the vision of the truth that I had  
plighted,  
Of the trusting love that so had grown to live and breathe  
in mine ;  
Throbbled my temples with a flushing shame, to own such  
truth I'd slighted  
*For a homage, O my Edwin ! worthless, buried love, to  
thine.*

A moment—all the bonds of shame in which that night  
 had bound me,  
 The pure thoughts of my girlhood and its fair flower have  
 undone;  
 Wrong might not home amid the dreams its sweetness sum-  
 moned round me;  
 A moment—my sweet jessamine and truth and love had  
 won.

Then wonder not, my gentle girl, that withered spray I  
 treasure,  
 That lifted me the tempting of an erring pride above,  
 A pride that fain had lured me on with wildering lights of  
 pleasure,  
 Through ways that wandered into shame, afar from hope  
 and love.

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## CHORUSES FROM AN UNFINISHED TRAGEDY ON THE FALL OF MESSENIA.

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### CHORUS OF ACHÆAN SLAVES.

#### *Epode 1.*

O SHAME! O fear and pain! ye make life weary,  
 A burden hard to bear;  
 The way of death at times seems not more dreary  
 Than ours through dark despair.  
 What is our lot? Toil; toil that knows no ceasing;  
 Toil wrung by those we hate;  
 Our conquerors' heaped-up stores of wealth increasing,  
 Our hands upbuild their state.

#### *Strophe 1.*

Fair land unto our chainless fathers giving  
 The wealth they freely gave  
 To every stranger, who in thee are living?  
 The Dorian and the slave.

The mighty race that, in old days departed,  
     Gave kings to thee alone,  
 For strangers till thy valleys, broken-hearted,  
     Thy fields no more their own.

*Antistrophe 1.*

Clear broad Pamissus ! still, with many a winding,  
     Through vale, by vine-clad hill,  
 Go, wandering on, thy sunny waters, finding  
     All green and lovely still ;  
 Still on thy banks the bright wild-flowers are growing ;  
     They gaze from out thy waves ;  
 But now the grassy banks that watch thee flowing,  
     Give back the tread of slaves.

*Epode 2.*

And thou, strong-walled Andania ! heaven-founded,  
     Our heroes' dwelling-place,  
 No more within thee, as of old, surrounded  
     By glory, rule our race.  
 Within thy stony halls, at ease reclining,  
     Their feast the strangers hold ;  
 For them our maidens' hands are garlands twining,  
     The wreaths we wore of old ;  
 Our old ancestral goblets, high o'erbubbling  
     With wine we may not taste,  
 For them they crown, while thoughts, old thoughts a  
     doubling  
     Their shame, with trembling haste.

*Strophe 2.*

Our race no more the brazen helm are claspings ;  
     The shield no more they raise ;  
 No more their hands the freeman's sword are grasping,  
     As once, in bygone days.  
 No ; we whose sires, the slaughtered foeman spoiling,  
     Away the rich arms tore,  
 Or hew the wood or at the corn-mill toiling,  
     Of glory dream no more.

*Antistrophe 2.*

life ! O load too heavy for our bearing !  
We fain would lay thee by :  
alas ! alas ! bereft of hope—despairing,  
At times 'twere sweet to die !  
and why then live ? The hope of vengeance, swelling  
Within us, lights our lot :  
h ! might our tongues but of their woes be telling,  
Our own were then forgot.

## CHORUS OF ACHÆAN SLAVES.

*Epode 1.*

Many a kingly hall hath heard,  
Poured in many a burning word,  
Our deeds in other days ;  
Many a bounding choir hath sung,  
While the golden lyre hath rung,  
Achaia's heroes' praise.

*Strophe 1.*

Who like them for glory burned ?  
Ease inglorious from them spurned,  
Or joyed, with deep-mouthed hound  
And woodland spear, at break of dawn,  
To rouse with jocund shout the morn,  
While echo laughed around ?  
Bounding on, Taygetus, who  
Fleetlier thy untrodden dew  
With flying footsteps beat ?  
Woody glen and rocky height  
Saw outstripped the stag's hot flight  
By their pursuing feet.

*Antistrophe 1.*

Vainly fled the panting hare ;  
Vainly, glaring in his lair,  
At bay the gaunt wolf stood ;  
Whetted tusk and foamy jaw,  
Nought availed the bristly boar,  
The monster of the wood.

Rushed they on, unknowing fear;  
Needed their devouring spear  
    No second thrust to deal;  
On the mountain's shaggy side,  
Red, of old, Achaia dyed  
    In blood the beaming steel.

*Epode 2.*

Hurler of the thunder, thou,  
Zeus, to whom the nations bow,  
    Whom trembling gods obey;  
Thou dost all our triumphs know,  
Won ere yet our race lay low,  
    Our glory past away.  
Where the groves of Altis rise,  
Oft our fathers won the prize  
    That life, in worth exceeds;  
Oft assembled Hellas there  
Saw, from all, our heroes tear  
    The meed of mightiest deeds.

*Strophe 2.*

Where Alpheus winding flows,  
Whelmed beneath their crashing blows,  
    The cæstus-wielders fell;  
Over hallowed Pisa's plain  
Strove the swift of foot in vain  
    Our heroes' hopes to quell;  
Oft the pride of Hellas hung  
O'er the rushing car and flung  
    Unheeded vows in air,  
Toiling towards the goal, behind,  
While, before, our steeds of wind  
    The victory gathered there.

*Antistrophe 2.*

Many a brawny wrestler there  
Poured in vain to heaven the prayer  
    To foil our might of yore;

Writhing in our strangling clasp,  
Hurled from out our deadly grasp,  
    They fell to strive no more.  
Oft the spear by others thrown  
Sought, while, quivering, found alone  
    The prize the one we hurled;  
Oft the ponderous iron, flung  
O'er thy plain, Olympia, sung  
    From us the farthest whirled.

*Epode 3.*

Many a mighty bard hath told  
How, when through the battle rolled  
    The thunder of their shout,  
God-sprung heroes, smote with dread,  
Trembling stood, or, turning, led  
    The pale and shrieking rout.  
Battling from the whirling car,  
Burst they through the ranks of war;  
    Who durst their onset stay?  
Sank the iron wall of shields;  
Fled the dread of fighting fields  
    Before their onward way.

*Strophe 3.*

Gods, they cleft the stormy fight;  
Backwards rolled the battle; flight  
    The herald of their path.  
On, where danced their sable plume,  
In their brazen bucklers' gloom,  
    Marched devouring wrath.  
There the howl of slaughter rang;  
There, of falling arms the clang,  
    Achaia's vengeance told;  
Glory there with foot of wind  
Tracked by heaps of slain, behind,  
    Our battle-path of old.



*Antistrophe 3.*

Nought might helm or shield avail,  
Nought the strength of iron mail,  
    When fled their thirsting spear;  
Death the quivering javelin strode;  
Fell the chief who battling rode;  
    Fell the charioteer.  
Graspers of the golden hilt,  
Who like them the keen sword gilt  
    In darkly rushing gore?  
Vaunted arms of proof were vain;  
Prone through helm and bone and brain  
    Its way their blue steel tore.

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## MOTHER AND SON.

"MOTHER, the storm, how it shrieks without!"

"Fit night for the work, son, we're about."

"Mother, the razor's smeared with blood."

"Fling it far where the river comes down in flood."

"Blood on these hands, blood will be seen."

"Water, my son, will wash them clean."

"What will whiten the sheets and bed?"

"I'll wash them in peace now your father's dead."

"They'll see where the new-turn'd earth looks bro"

"Son, with my feet I trampled it down."

"O that dead face! O hide it, night!"

"The quick-lime I strew'd will soon eat that sight"

"God! I can see his mangled throat!"

"Silence, boy! how you drivest and dote."

"Mother, his blood, it sears my soul!"

"Son, on mine alone be the whole."

"O would that my father were here again!"

"Thank God! that wish is wish'd in vain."

"Here, even to drive us mad with blows."

"Thank God! from his heart his life-blood flows!"

"Here, though mad-drunk, to kill us he swore."

"Thank God! such oaths he'll swear no more."

"Here again, though he starved us dead."

"Thank God! now my work will bring us bread."

"Here again, to repent his sin."

"Thank God! to heaven never he'll win."

"O that he were living, and dead were we!"

"Sleep, sleep, my son, and comfort me."

"How dare I sleep! how dare I dream!"

"Without him, our lives like heaven will seem."

"Heaven!—hell, hell, is for you and me!"

"God help us! there will your father be!"

"Hell hereafter! hell here!" "Forgot

"Will be hell's pains if we're where he's not!"

### THE TREASURE-FINDER.

WANDER forth into the sunshine—go thou, wander in the woodlands;

or the forest's haunts of greenness, leave the toiling town behind:

ere, O mortal, worn and wilder'd, thou art poorest of the poorest—

ere, in leafy ease and stillness, lo! a treasure thou shalt find."

in dreams the voice spake to him: and the sleeper, eager-hearted,  
oke, and from the dreary striving of the city took his way;

Breathing hopes in with the sunshine—hopes as golden as  
the morning,  
With a light foot hastening onward—on, to where the  
treasure lay.

Ah ! how want shall lie behind him ! in the streets' loud-  
clanging mazes,  
He no more shall lack his station in the thronging haunts  
of men ;  
He, now vainly seeking burdens that his spirit groans not  
under,  
Searching vainly, scorn'd and hunger'd, shall be served and  
honour'd then.

Quicker beat his pulse, and quicker ; ever pleasure swam  
before him,  
As he near'd the forest's shadows, as beneath its leaves he  
laugh'd,  
As his heart went bounding onward through its glooms and  
verdurous alleys,  
As his soul, its calm and coolness, ever deeper, deeper  
quaff'd.

On, through ferny dell and hollow—on, by oaken foliage  
shaded—  
On, through sun-fleck'd paths he linger'd, with the wood-  
bines tangled o'er ;  
Under beechen boughs reclining, lapp'd in odours, songs,  
and murmurs,  
Spake the tongues of Nature through him, as they never  
spake before.

Swell'd they out in clearest music—swell'd in tones of  
murmuring sweetness,  
Into harmonies transfusing all of beauty pour'd around :  
Hues and odours, forms and shadows, sunny bursts of  
summer brightness,  
All that ear and eye were drinking, pouring forth in mea-  
sured sound.

and the darkness of his spirit, to the glad tones of his singing,  
 'ass'd, as pass'd the gloom when David sang, from the dark soul of Saul ;  
 o! a glory brightens round him—round him Heaven's own hymns are ringing ;  
 'rom his kingly thought, Earth's bitter cares and weary burdens fall.

lome returns he ; home returning, how the world's keen scoffings meet him—  
 ll the purse-proud scorn of riches—all the sneers of titled birth !  
 h! he brings a treasure back, that makes him heedless how they greet him ;  
 or, despised, the Poet knows himself God-chosen great on earth.

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## CASSANDRA SPEAKS !

With finger raised, with starting eye,  
 With streaming hair, who wanders by ?  
 With ashen lips, who shuddering shrieks ?  
     Cassandra speaks ! Cassandra speaks !

“ Woe ! roaring flames and gleaming arms !  
 “ Woe ! rushing feet and wail'd alarms ! ”  
 Still—still of woe, but woe, she shrieks ;  
     Cassandra speaks ! Cassandra speaks !

“ Nods not your Ilion to its fall ?  
 “ Nod not high tower and God-built wall ? ”  
 Of wreck, but wreck, that wild voice shrieks ;  
     Cassandra speaks ! Cassandra speaks !

“ Up ! in your streets are hid the foe !  
 “ Up ! ere they smite and spare not ! Woe ! ”  
 That cry its frenzied warning shrieks ;  
     Cassandra speaks ! Cassandra speaks !

"Blood—steaming blood, on hearth and floor!  
 "Blood where your knees the Gods adore!"  
 Of death that cry for ever shrieks ;

Cassandra speaks ! Cassandra speaks !

"Woe ! woe ! ye pamper'd and ye high !  
 "In vain ye wake—ye strive—ye fly !"   
 For your deaf ears that warning shrieks ;  
 Cassandra speaks ! Cassandra speaks !

"Years did the Gods to ye ordain,  
 "That ye should purge ye pure from stain !  
 "Gone ; gone ! the hour with vengeance reeks !"   
 Cassandra speaks ! Cassandra speaks !

"Woe ! gleaming arms in every street !  
 "Woe ! vengeful arms, these wild eyes meet !  
 "Hot blood—your blood, upon them reeks !"   
 Cassandra speaks ! Cassandra speaks !

O doom'd ! and do ye only flock  
 About her steps, to scoff and mock ?  
 To hear but dreams in all she shrieks ?  
 Cassandra speaks ! Cassandra speaks !

O awful Gods ! ye close their ears !  
 O wrathful Gods ! they know not fears !  
 To deafen'd ears in vain she shrieks !  
 Cassandra speaks ! Cassandra speaks !

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### MARSTON MOOR.

Hot Rupert came spurring to Marston Moor ;  
 Praise we the Lord !  
 Came spurring hard with thousands a score ;  
 Praise we the Lord !  
 Beleaguering York, that we lay before,  
 He knew would be ours ere a week was o'er,  
 So to scatter our hosts he fiercely swore.  
 To the Lord our God be glory !

To Newcastle's succour he swore to come ;  
Praise we the Lord !  
And at morning we heard his march's hum ;  
Praise we the Lord !  
And with blare of trumpet and roll of drum,  
Into York, in their pride, did the scorners come ;  
But to-night are the cursing lips not dumb ?  
To the Lord our God be glory !

God gave them to drink of pride, we knew ;  
Praise we the Lord !  
That His saints His wrath on their hosts might do ;  
Praise we the Lord !  
He bade us flee, that they might pursue,  
So, from trench and leaguer, straight off we drew,  
But we halted on Marston Moor anew ;  
To the Lord our God be glory !

There, bidding pursuit, stood our long array ;  
Praise we the Lord !  
While slow hours came and passed away ;  
Praise we the Lord !  
"They will not come to the strife to-day,"  
We said, and southwards our march then lay,  
But the Lord had doomed them that hour our prey ;  
To the Lord our God be glory !

But Leslie's regiments had left the ground,  
Praise we the Lord !  
When the fierce Prince bade his trumpets sound ;  
Praise we the Lord !  
Then was spurring and running and fronts faced round,  
Upon us they came, with the burst and sound  
Of tempests ; but ready His own they found ;  
To the Lord our God be glory !

Then the shot of their guns through our stilled ranks  
tore ;  
Praise we the Lord !  
Then a pause and a hush fell on the war ;  
Praise we the Lord !

They say the land we're going to  
Yields corn that turns to gold ;  
None need, they say, to labour there  
Till years behold them old—  
Till leisure's self is pluck'd  
All blasted with the blight  
That's eat away its very heart,  
Its power to yield delight.

Come, dry your eyes ; your garden, wife,  
For that, nay, never grieve ;  
There kingly flowers shall bloom for you,  
Shall shame the ones you leave ;  
Who'll think of the wan daisy—  
Who'll the primrose pale recal,  
In the presence there of regal flowers  
That bow in wonder all ?

There the waratah holds its state  
Deep in the forest's shades,  
And with the glory of its pride  
Lights up the lonely glades ;  
The indigo there droops  
Its crimson from the trees,  
And there the cactus' queenly charms  
Lure back the passing breeze.

Weep not, no more our woodlands  
And our hedge-row elms to see ;  
Forget them ; our adopted land  
Has many a statelier tree ;  
The palm-like zamia there  
Endiadems its cone  
With bending leaves, whose mateless grace  
Our willow's self would own.

There the dark gum-tree's polished leaves  
Fling back to heaven the sun ;  
There, Titan pines upscale the sky,  
Uptower'd to here by none ;

The orange garlands there  
Its form with odorous snow,  
And round the grass-tree's banded trunk,  
Its sweeping tresses flow.

Ay, blithely sing my prison'd thrush,  
Full soon shall you be free,  
For the bell-bird's note outsweetens yours  
Beyond the swelling sea ;  
And, scarlet-vested almsman,  
Your latest dole I cast ;  
For, robin, on your English face,  
I look, perchance, my last.

Yet, scarlet one, so long I've loved  
Your painted form to know,  
There's a dainty gift at parting—  
Ay, more than crumbs I throw ;  
For a pleasant daylight dream  
Have you ever been to me,  
And my thanks and love I fling you  
Ere I pass the rolling sea.

## AUSTRALIA.

Oh, parch'd—parch'd are the long grey plains  
That stretch from round us here ;  
In vain the sound of coming rains  
The dry air pines to hear ;  
Along the river's bed  
The earth is crack'd and dry,  
Save where, in hot green pools,  
The fishes, gasping, die.

No rain—no rain—still hot white dust  
In blinding clouds sweeps by,  
And still the hot wind burns along  
Beneath the scorching sky.  
Alas, where, fresh and green,  
Arose our young year's wheat,  
But fields of wither'd stalks,  
*Stand, blackening in the heat.*



Our garden flowers—our English flowers—  
So tended, that the thought  
Of happy hours afar we spent  
Might often back be brought—  
The daisy 'twas my pride,  
To water day by day—  
The primrose—all have died,  
Or wither fast away.

Oh, for green England's gurgling brooks !  
The herdsman has to tell  
That far away the cows he drove  
To try the chalk-pit well ;  
Their latest hope was there,  
But they found it parch'd and dry,  
With its hot depths glaring blinding white  
Against the burning sky.

No sound that tells of freshness—  
Of coming rain—alone  
The rattle of the fiery dust  
Against the casement, blown,  
The dingo's howl for water—  
Our parch'd cows moaning there,  
And the locust's wither'd song, that seems  
To sear the very air,

Oh, weary, weary was the day  
That happiness we sold,  
And the pleasant light of England,  
For the hopes of sudden gold—  
And weary is the weary thought,  
That never, but in dreams,  
We shall tread again her meadow-paths  
Or wander by her streams !

Oh, for the fresh, cool airs  
That, round the temples, blow,  
Of those, through England's orchards,  
Through England's woods, that go !

Oh, would I were again  
Where never more I'll be,  
In the land I've left for ever—  
In my home beyond the sea!

## AUSTRALIA.

The robin lighted on the tree,  
And merrily he sang,  
Till, with his cheerful minstrelsy,  
The lonely clearing rang;  
The song came clear and shrill  
Through the open window near,  
And hush'd grew all and still  
That strange sweet voice to hear.

Upon his broad and horny hand  
The settler leans his brow,  
And far from his adopted land,  
His thoughts are wandering now;—  
With finger raised—fixed eye—  
Lips parted for a word,  
The wife sits listening by—  
What sings it of, sweet bird?

Oh, dwellers in the southern sea,  
'Twas thus the redbreast sung,  
Full well are known the cots to me,  
Green England's lanes among;  
The homesteads, well I know,  
Whose blue smoke's curling still  
From all her thymy downs and vales,  
From ev'ry grassy hill.

Oh, pleasant is the green, green Spring,  
They heard the redbreast sing,  
In England's woods and verdant lanes  
How pleasant is the Spring!  
How, through the soft warm sunshine  
Of April's golden hours,  
Laugh up to heaven her villages,  
Ingarlanded with flowers!

There, noisy of its happiness,  
The brook is bubbling by,  
And there, in pastures green and deep,  
The happy cattle lie ;  
The daisy lights the meadow—  
The speedwell stars the lane,  
And the glory of the golden furze  
Burns on her heaths again.'

Oh, for the pleasant primrose banks  
That bask beneath her skies !  
Oh, for the thousand silver streams  
Her summer never dries !  
Oh, but for one sweet hour,  
In happiness to roam  
Among your farms and villages,  
My own green island home !

No withering winds beneath her skies  
Her fields' fair hopes destroy,  
For, gentle as the airs of May,  
Her breezes bring but joy ;  
The wealth her Spring has told  
His treasures shall win,  
By Autumn's banded sickles  
With songs is garner'd in.

Then, dwellers in the southern sea,  
Away before the wind,  
And bless the swelling sails that leave  
This streamless land behind ;  
Again, again, seek happiness,  
No more from it to roam,  
And bless the redbreast's simple song  
That taught the worth of home.

## ENGLAND.

Oh, Mary, there's the robin ;  
Quick—throw the window up,  
For, while I have a meal to share,  
With me he's free to sup ;

There—there—let daintiest crumbs  
In part your guerdon be,  
For the song that lured us back again  
Across the surging sea.

Oh, fair is nature everywhere,  
In heaven—on land and sea,  
But loveliest in my own green land  
Is nature still to me.  
And still dear shall be the song,  
Still the singer shall be dear •  
That taught me that the constant home  
Of happiness was here.

Oh, England—England, land of lands,  
Thank heaven ! I've wisdom earn'd—  
Through sorrow and heartsickness, well,  
Thy worth, green land, I've learn'd ;  
Now blessings track the song that taught  
The girdling billows foam  
Around no land that mates with thee,  
My own green island home.



the poems published in the present volume, we should select flour," as pre-eminently distinguished for vigour, and that ring of rhyme which thrills the heart through the ear, as pulses beat to the march of verse as to warlike music. And irresistible humour in his "Hints to Transatlantic But Mr. Bennett speaks to the heart not only through the son or sparkling satire; not less effective are those fragrant to the social and domestic feelings. In these we perceive grace, a pathos, and a charm, which offer a refreshing contrast to the prosaic monotony usually characterising effusions of this kind. In truthfulness to nature, hearty simplicity of utterance, and a ray of fancy, it is which enables Mr. Bennett so well to adapt his art to the events and emotions of ordinary life. To elevate these through the transfiguration of poetry, is, we think, the true vocation of the poet, though he has proved himself fully capable of the minstrelsy of another order.—*raph.*

7. C. Bennett has been well advised to collect his various has selected from his large store a hundred, and here a handsome volume, which ought immediately to become We find here many old acquaintances and some new everywhere the same grace, melody, and Saxon purity of A little more accuracy and finish, and Mr. Bennett might Béranger of England. He is a genuine poet.'—*Leader*.

Bennett is quite right in calling himself a Writer of Songs. The lyric poetry in this volume is admirable, but the songs are largely beautiful. When Mr. Bennett writes in his own natural way, we have no song-writer who can be compared with *strated Times*.

ways like his writing when he dares to be true to his own  
*thengum*.

is fair to become one of our best English song-writers.'—*gazette.*

ld Mr. Bennett to be among the best of our song-writers. Mr. Bennett will give the world the remainder of his songs. nial, so healthy, so purely Saxon.'—*Critic*.

olume will be a welcome addition to the poetic literature of *Morning Chronicle*.

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